The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1647 AUG. 15, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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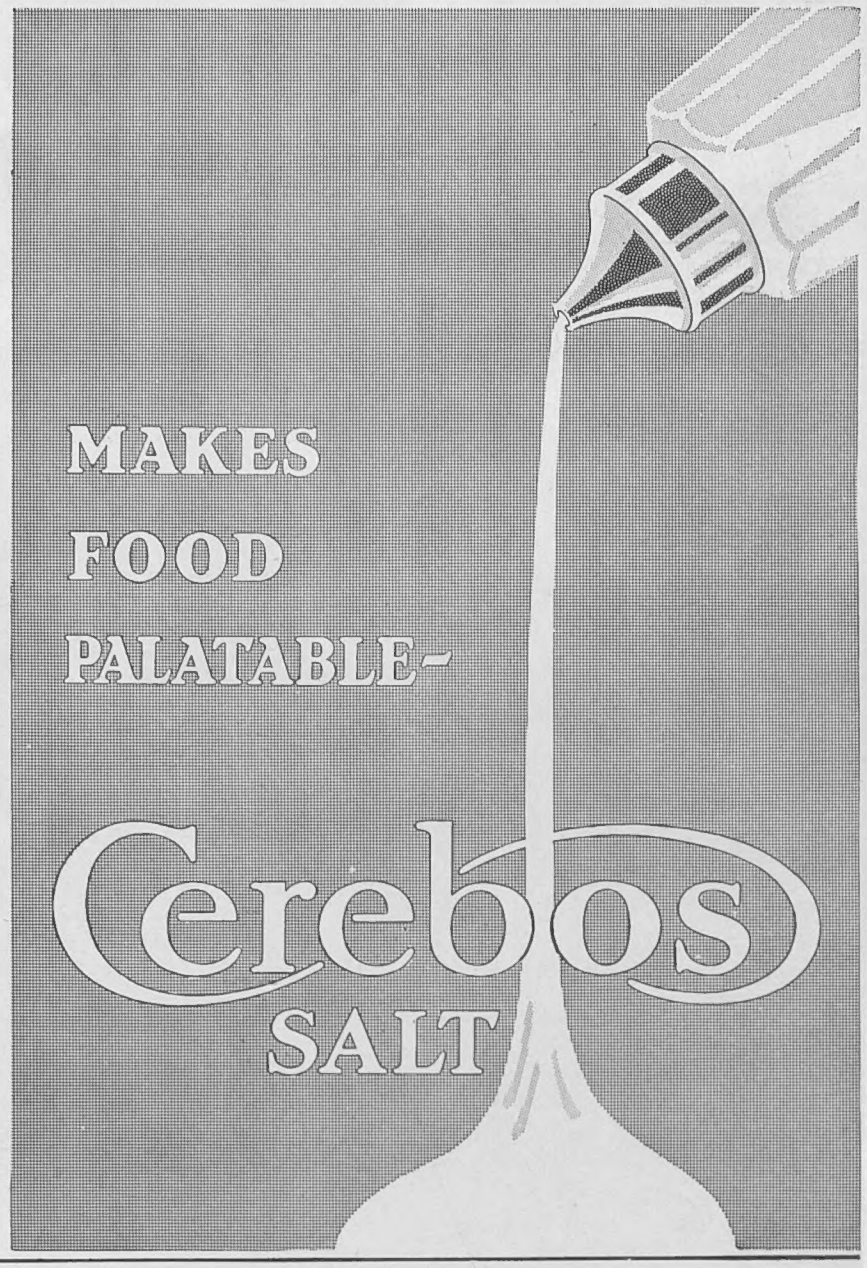

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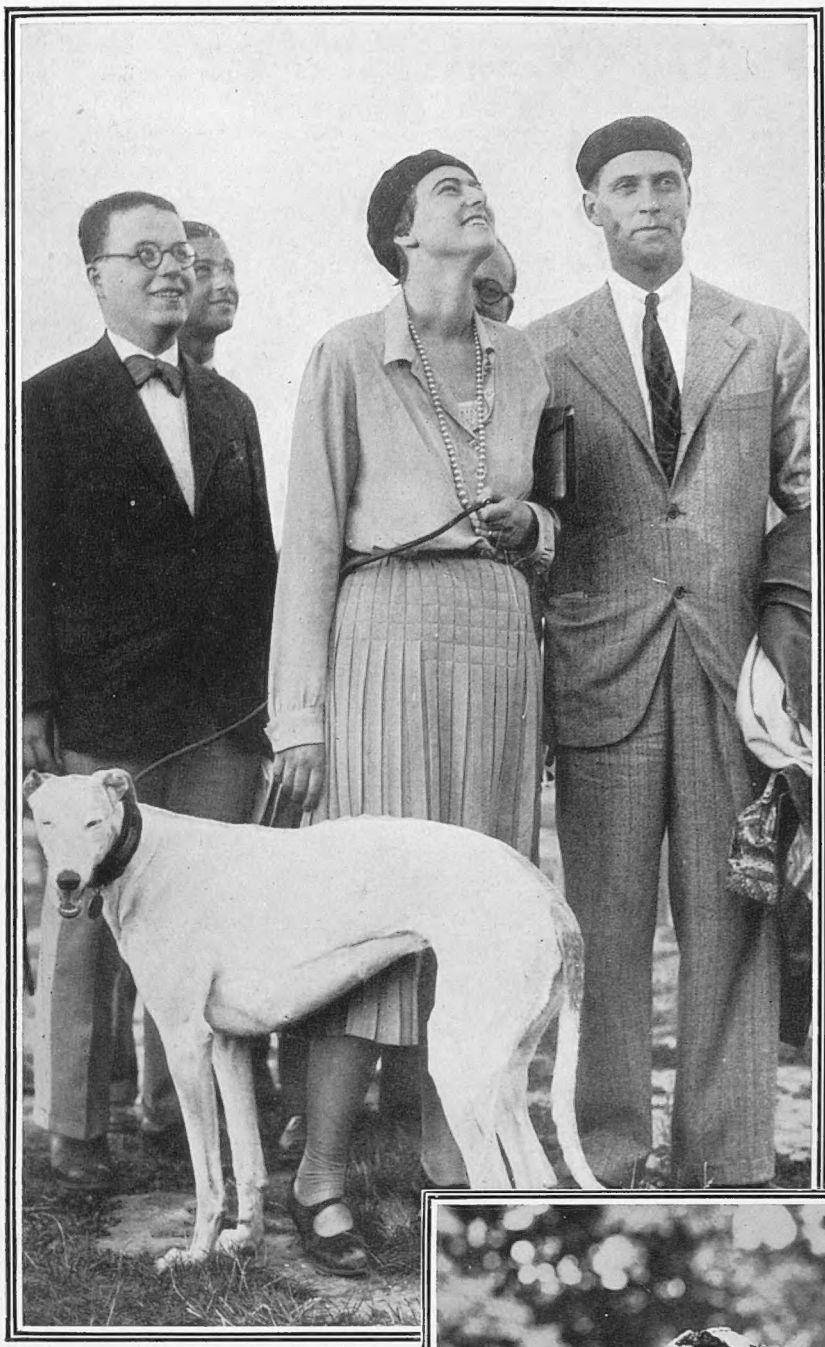
Princesses and Persons in the Public Eye

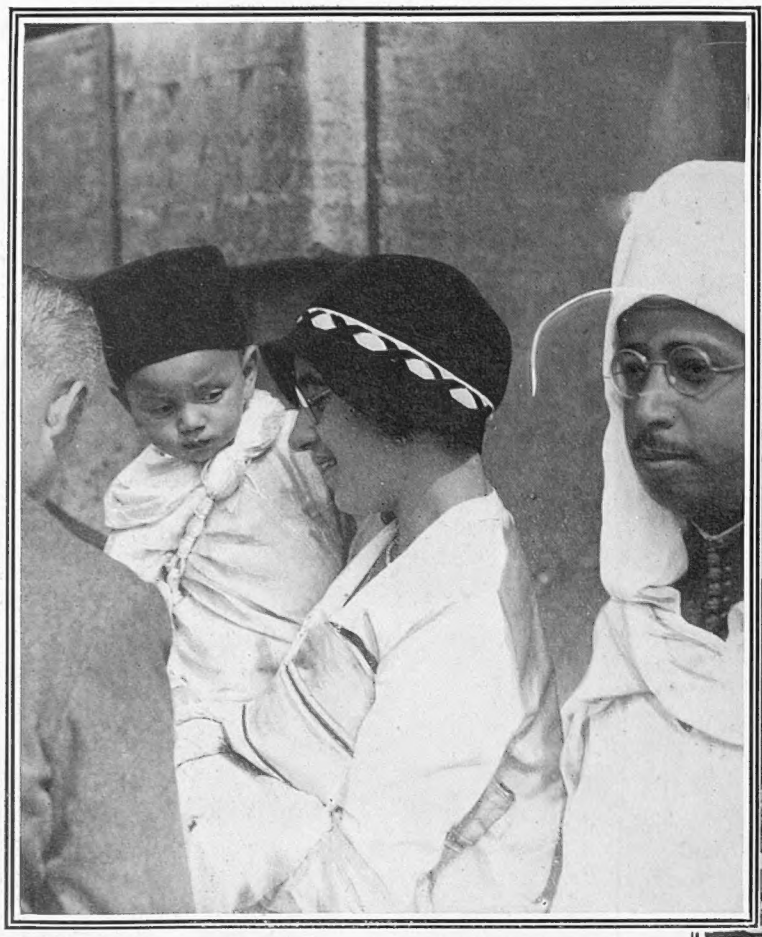


RUMANIA'S PRINCESS WITH HER FLYING HUSBAND ARRIVES IN VIENNA: Princess Ileana and the Archduke Anton of Habsburg whose marriage was recorded on our front page a fortnight ago arrived a few days ago at Vienna in the Archduke's 'plane, which he piloted himself

"I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE THE BETTER MAN"—"ROT": Mr. C. W. A. Scott, the holder of the eleven-day Australia-England air record, has a cheery word with Mr. J. A. Mollison, the Scottish airman who, with his nine days for the same flight, now holds the record. They met at tea time at Hanworth

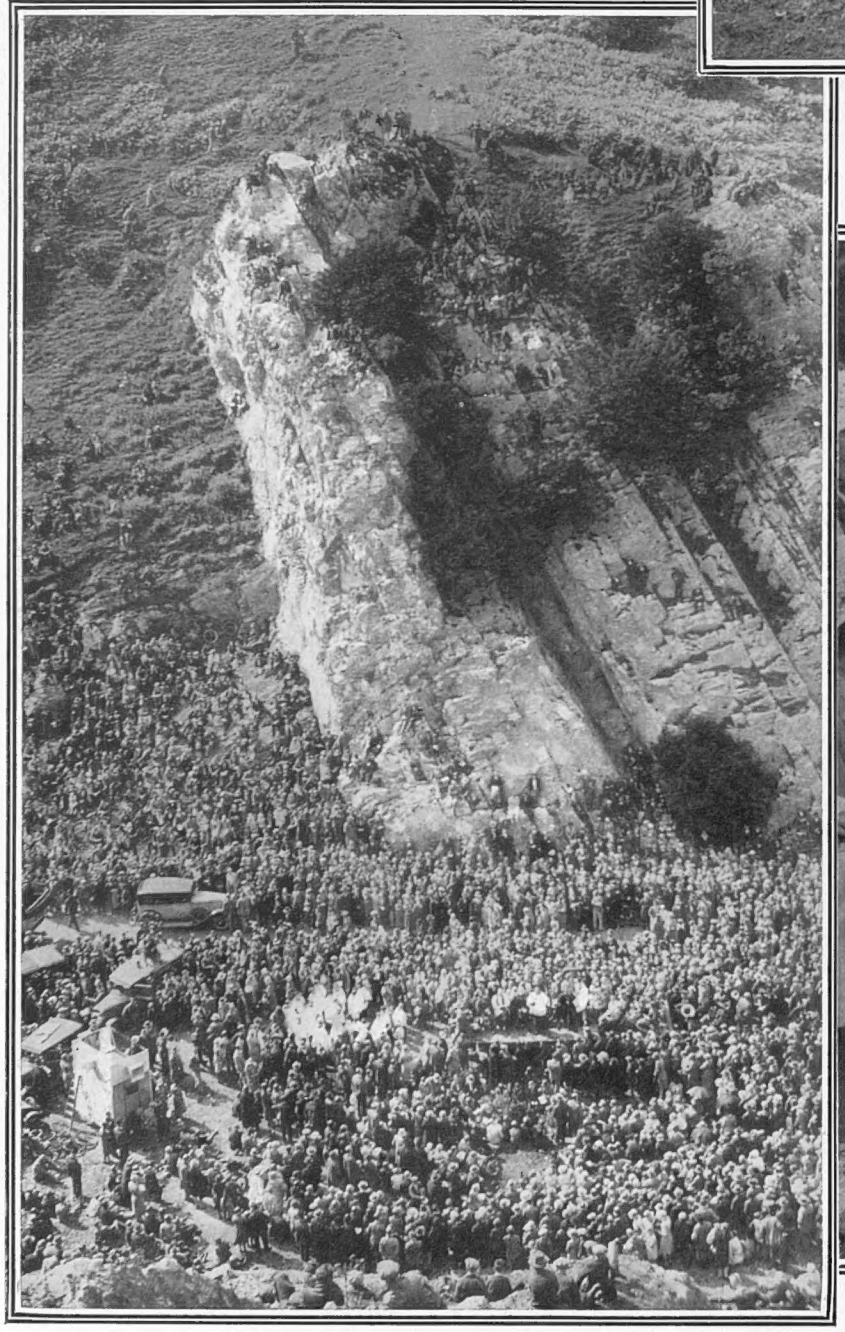
THE DUKE OF YORK IN CAMP WITH HIS BOY SCOUTS AT SOUTHWOLD: The Duke spent a night under canvas with his 400 boy scouts at Southwold, on the Suffolk coast a few days ago. In centre—*ENGAGEMENT OF THE EARL OF STAIR'S DAUGHTER: The engagement was announced last week of Mr. Arthur Niall Rankin, younger son of Sir Reginald and the Hon. Lady Rankin, to Lady Jean Dalrymple, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair. Mr. Rankin's mother is the second daughter of the 6th Lord Dynevor*

In the CAMERA'S EYE



NOW VISITING FRANCE: Mohamed ben Youssef, the Sultan of Morocco, and his baby son, Moulay Hassan, who is seen with his governess on their arrival in Paris last week. The Sultan visited the Colonial Exhibition

ANOTHER VERSION OF ASCOT: The royal enclosure of the famous racecourse presented a strange appearance during the recent filming of The Calendar, *by Edgar Wallace. Huge lights were used to augment the meagre August sunlight typical of this summer*

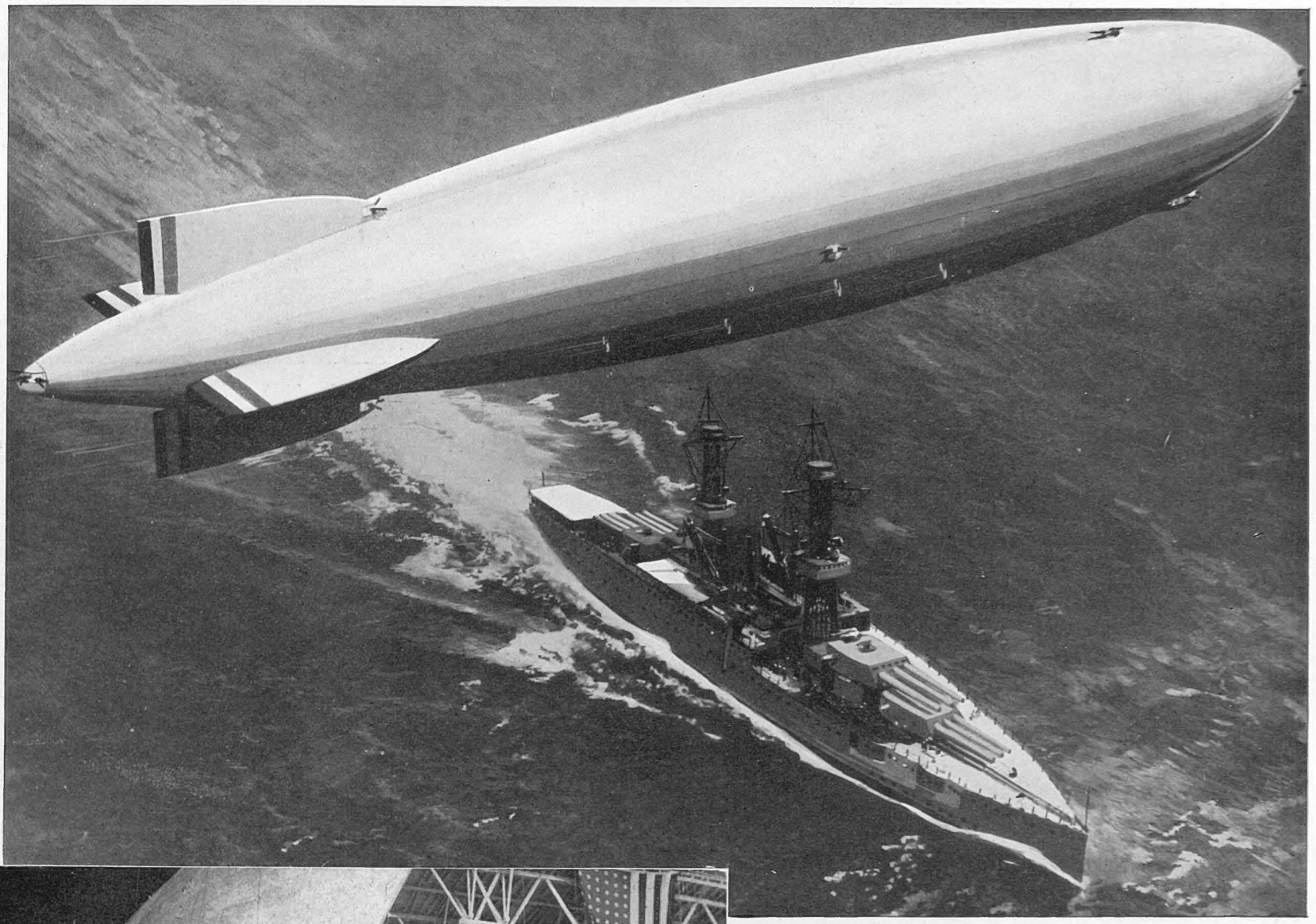


THE ROCK OF AGES CEREMONY: Burrington Combe, near Cheddar, Somerset, made a picturesque setting for a vast crowd which gathered under the Rock of Ages to commemorate the composing of the well-known hymn of that name by Augustus Toplady. The service is here seen in progress with the choir in the immediate foreground

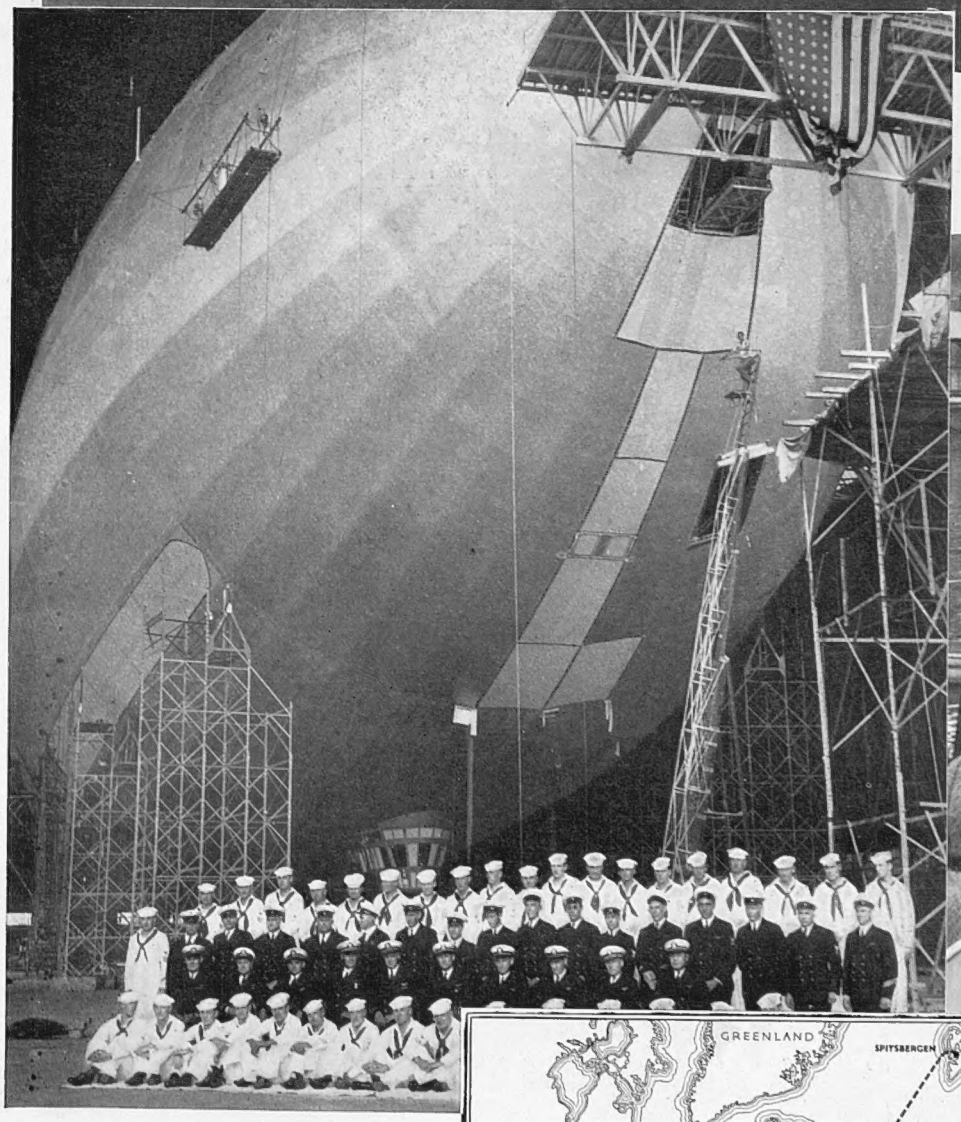
A FAMILY PARTY AT GLAMIS: The Duke and Duchess of York with the little Princess Elizabeth in the grounds of Glamis Castle at the garden party in connection with the golden wedding celebrations of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, parents of the Duchess

CHRISTENING of the WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP

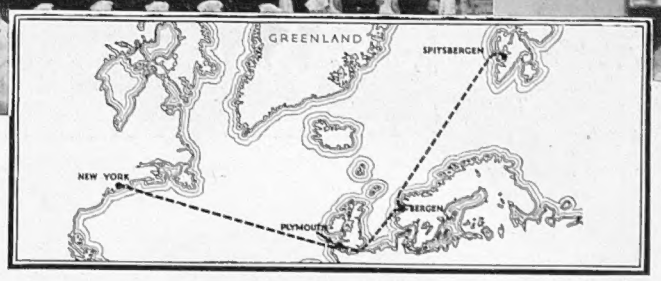
The U.S. Airship "Akron" Carries Five Aeroplanes Inside Her Hull and has no External Gondolas



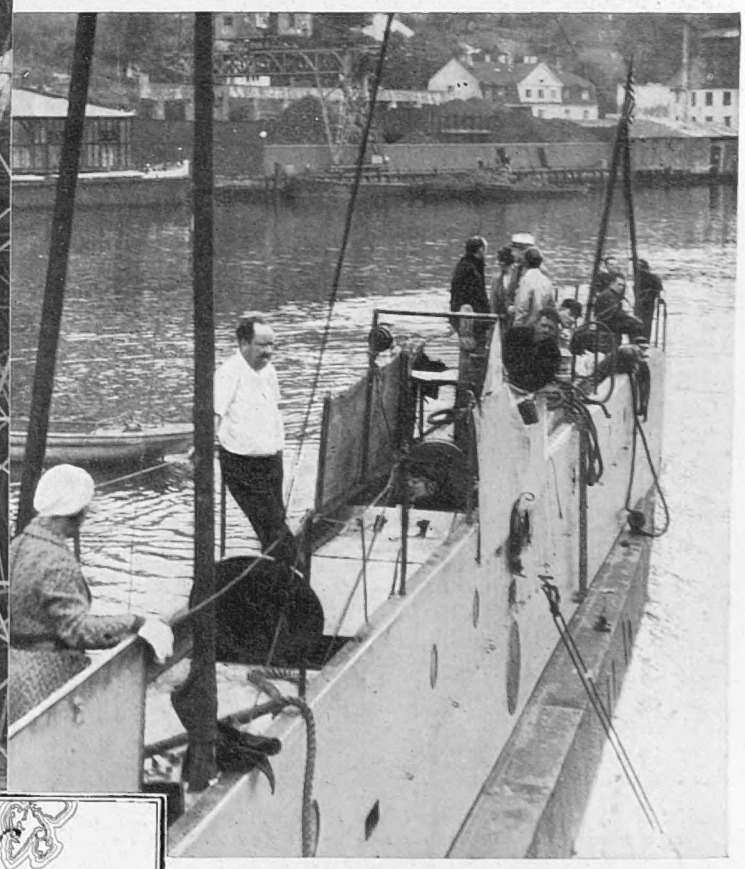
AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF THE GREAT AIRSHIP: There are no external power gondolas as in the case of the Graf Zeppelin or R 100. Only the propellers project beyond the lines of the giant hull. The Akron is armed with powerful machine guns. She was built at Akron, Ohio, by Goodyear



THE AKRON, which has just been christened by Mrs. Hoover, is of almost double the capacity of the Graf Zeppelin, although in actual length of the hull she is not so dissimilar. The control gondola at the bow looks very small in comparison with the swelling lines of the airship's snout



TRACK OF THE NAUTILUS from New York to Plymouth, Bergen, and Spitzbergen

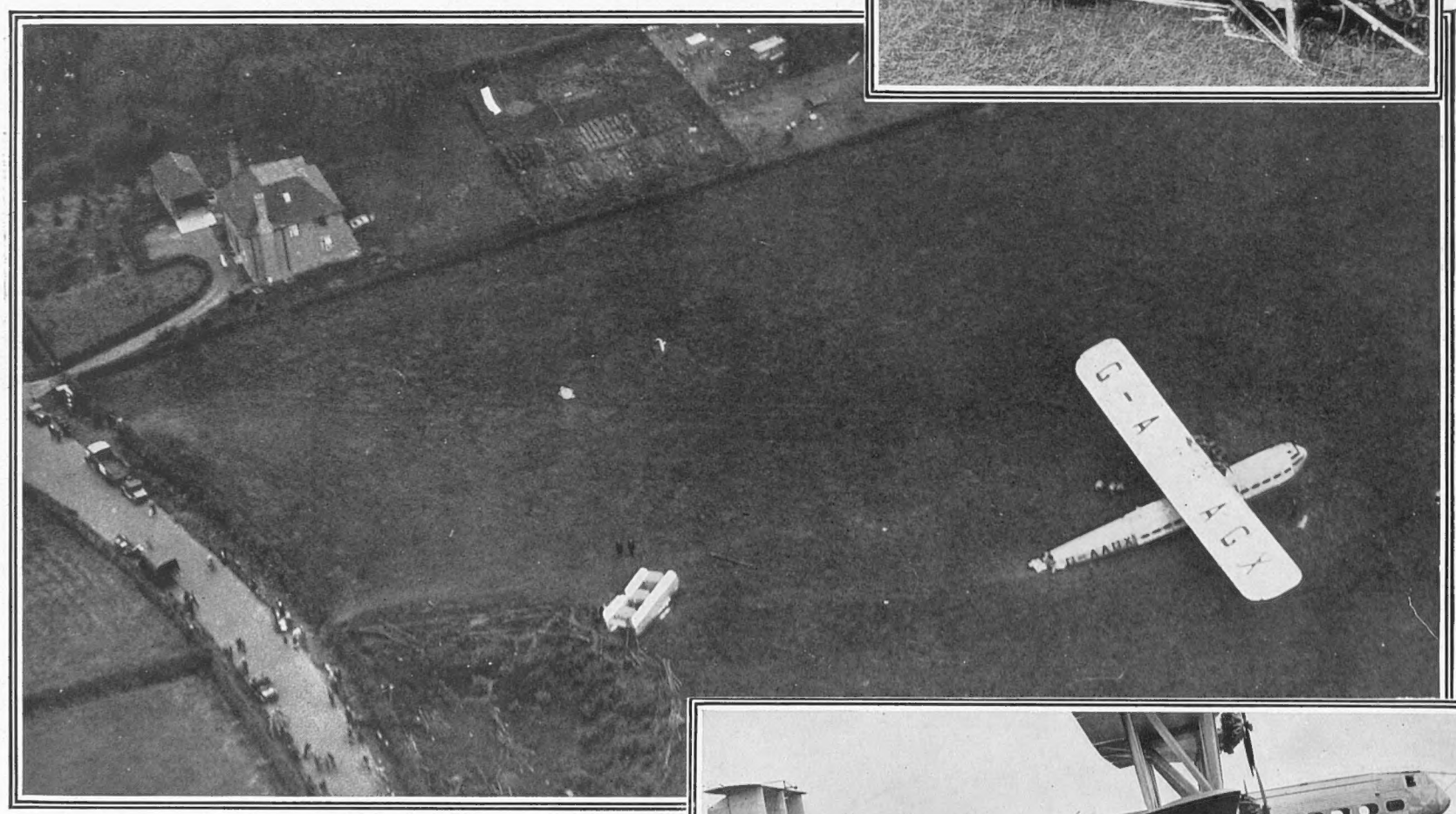


OFF THROUGH THE ICE TO THE POLE: The Polar submarine, Nautilus, left Bergen in Norway for Spitzbergen at the beginning of the week. She is here seen with her repaired upper works moving out of Marine Holmen, Bergen, on the next stage of her journey. Unfortunately the submarine has again experienced mechanical trouble and, at the time of going to press, was proceeding to Skjervoey with only the starboard engine working, the port engine having given trouble

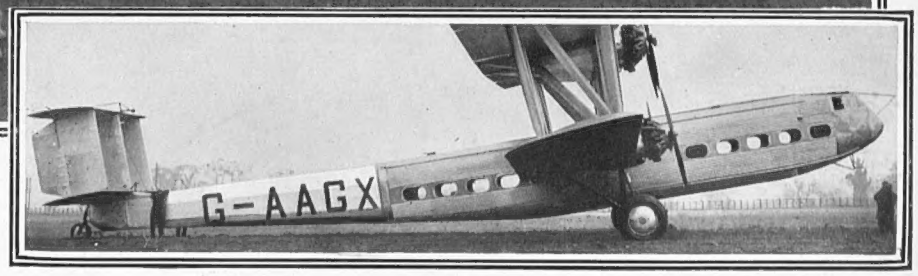
The ACCIDENT to the GREAT AIR-LINER, *HANNIBAL*

THREE PROPELLERS SMASHED AND THE TAIL BROKEN OFF: The air-liner seen from the rear, showing the broken portion of the tail fuselage. The two upper propellers were both broken and one lower propeller

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: Passengers congratulating the pilot, Capt. G. Dismore, on the skill with which he handled the difficult situation which arose when three out of four propellers were suddenly put out of action. Sir Henry Birkin (third from right in cap) greatly assisted by calming the passengers at the moment of the first breaking of the propellers



THE STRANDED AIR-LINER SEEN FROM THE AIR: The view shows at a glance the position of the liner in the field and the distance which separated the broken tail unit from the main fuselage. There was a small but dangerous hollow containing some water on the meadow. This is shown in the bottom left hand portion of the view. The great 'plane is now being dismantled and her engines and the body of the machine with the huge wings will be moved by road to the Handley-Page aerodrome



Profile view of the Hannibal *taken before the accident*

On Saturday of last week, while the giant air-liner *Hannibal* was on her way to Paris, an accident occurred to her propellers, possibly from one of them striking a bird. Whatever the immediate cause, the result was that both the upper propellers broke and the lower starboard propeller was damaged. A cloud of black smoke broke from this lower engine. The pilot at once began to seek for a suitable or possible landing place. This he discovered in a meadow (near Tonbridge), none too large for the huge 'plane to land in. As the pilot swung round to get into position for landing, he had the bad luck to touch a telegraph pole. This broke off the tail portion shown above.

LORD of the "PROMS"

Sir Henry Wood and His Sound Machine

By W. HOLT-WHITE

L'état c'est moi. That was the suave dictum of Louis XVI.

"The Proms that's me!" might justifiably be the proud slogan of Sir Henry Wood, except that no man of such a gentle modesty as Sir Henry could make such a boast.

So I make it for him. For the "Proms" are his—all his. You can interpolate one perfectly good baritone, one most excellent coloratura soprano, one pianist of unimpeachable virtuosity, and a gentleman who persuades you that the horn must be an instrument played by the angels in heaven.

You can take the whole of the B.B.C. orchestra with its violas, 'cellos, violins, oboes, flutes, bassoons, trombones, drums, and goodness knows what else besides, and magnificent though the orchestra is, you still come to the conclusion that Sir Henry is the "Prom," the whole "Prom," and nothing but "Prom." He is just "Prom" incarnate.

For the "Proms," now in their thirty-seventh season, are a unique institution. They represent the government of lovers of music by lovers of music for lovers of music; and the ruler of this republic of rhythm, who is maintained in power by the affection and suffrages of his fellow citizens in this season of sweet sound, is the man who wields the baton—Henry Wood.

A burly, black-bearded figure, as beloved as it is quaint, a figure which seems to have loomed along from an impeccable Victorian past and still is able to dominate the democracy of modern music.

Watch him as he conducts his orchestra. They play, each man and each woman—for there are women in this orchestra—with a personal passion or diminuendo as the maestro with the baton dictates. Yet they play as a collective instrument.

Watch Sir Henry's hands as he wakes the cymbals into sudden life or mutes the music of the violins. You can then conceive him not as a conductor but as an organist, sole master of keys and stops—the music seems to be flowing, not from varied and individual instruments, but from some gigantic sound machine which he personally manipulates.

Such an instrument must be used much to produce perfection; and the master musician needs practice as well as the instruments of his will.

I saw Sir Henry practising on his instrument at the rehearsal in the morning which preceded the opening concert of this season's "Proms."

The fitful sunshine of this summer's August was glinting through the green-painted dome of the Queen's Hall. But if the sunshine were fitful the day was oppressively hot. The violins, the 'cellos, the flutes—to quote the immortal curate, "band as before," were at their work, stripped of coats and waistcoats. Charles Woodhouse, who has led the orchestra for twelve seasons, a stern but melancholy figure, wielded the baton. Sir Henry, in a brown tweed suit, lolled in the dress circle, flirting now gently, now frantically with his black beard as he looked and listened, and it was obvious that he looked as much as he listened.

I was beside the platform along which a young florist, with a completely stony face, was planting blooms. The amazing music of Ravel's Bolero for Orchestra, with its maddening and yet fascinating rhythm, driven home by a tapping drum with the exasperating and never-ending reiteration of a tom-tom, was sweeping over me like a flood. Wave after wave of sound passed over me until there was the crash as of some great breaker bursting on a shore and everything for a moment was suddenly, sickeningly still. Sir Henry's sound machine was completely silent.

Sir Henry jerked his tweed waistcoat down and stood looking for a moment at the orchestra, as a commander might survey his forces. Then he ambled round the dress circle till he came to the prompt side. There he leaned over a railing, folded his hands, and spoke gently like an amiable padre coaxing a well-meaning but not completely perfect flock.

"All I ask you, gentlemen," he said persuasively, "is to go a little softly. Not quite so much noise until you reach the approach of the crescendo. Then—then you put everything into it. I feel sure you know what I mean. There will be an interval of ten minutes for refreshment."

. . . . .

Sir Henry has many virtues. One of them—perhaps the last one would look for in a musician—is punctilious punctuality. The "Proms" are billed to begin at 8 o'clock, and on the last stroke of the clock from All Souls', Langham Place, they begin.

At half-past seven the doors were opened to admit the rain-drenched crowd which had been queued up for hours to await the opening of the "Promenade." By a quarter to eight the hall was packed. Not a vacant seat in the dress circle, not a vacant seat in the balcony.

And the "Promenade"! If there ever were a farcical word, then "Promenade" as applied to these concerts is one of them. The stalls—every seat—are removed from the hall of the floor. In the centre is placed a pond containing large and plethoric gold-fish. Why? I cannot tell you. The fact remains that the pond and the gold-fish are there. And radiating from the pond, people—standing people—more skilfully and scientifically packed than any Cup Final crowd. Looking down from the dress circle one beholds a thickly-woven carpet of humanity patterned throughout with heads. Round heads, square heads, sleek heads, thin heads, fat heads, rough heads, bald heads. Every imaginable kind of head. The pink, shining head of an aged parson. The silver-haired head of a man who might be an artist. The black, opulently haired head of a young Jewess. The sleek, dark head of an Indian student. The round, cropped head of a man who stood *stramm* like a Prussian officer. Every imaginable kind of head surmounting human beings who stood stock still. They could hardly have stood otherwise. There was no room to move. If you can imagine thousands of sardines standing on their tails in a vast round tin you will get some idea as to the way in which these people were packed.

Five minutes to eight and the orchestra begins to trickle in. The violins, the 'cellos, the trombones—eh well, "band as before." Applause. Applause for individual players, from individual friends in that vast packed audience. Then enters, lean and dignified, Woodhouse the First Violin. Immense applause.

"In the lapel of his coat is a white carnation; the white flower of a blameless life will still endear a man to his fellows"

One minute to eight. Enter Sir Henry Wood—trippingly. Applause which shook the roof. And there he is on the rostrum, facing the sea of faces upturned to him from the Promenade, looking up at the sea of faces which look down at him from the galleries.

He bows and bows. The cheering might go on for a long while yet. But it is eight o'clock. With his left hand he signals to the orchestra to rise. Everyone in the galleries rises. The human sardines in the promenade are already standing.

"God Save the King."

The last notes of the National Anthem die away and what is almost a desolation of silence falls on the entire house. Thousands of eyes are turned with affection and almost awe upon the lonely figure on the conductor's platform. A bulky figure in a bulging dress suit. Thousands of eyes are looking at that placid, pale face with its shroud of whiskers. In the lapel of his coat is a white carnation, the white flower of a blameless life. A strange thing how even in these days a blameless life will still endear a man to his fellows. An old-fashioned figure. A figure straight out of the early nineties. And yet—strange word perhaps to apply to music—how up-to-date in his gauging of "what the public wants" when it comes to a concert programme.

Well, there is no need to wade through that programme here. The great point for emphasis is the bond between this staid Victorian and the young people—especially the young men in the house. For in the dress circle and in the balcony they are nearly all young. And down in the promenade where the men outnumber the women by forty or fifty to one—they are noticeably young. One could hardly imagine that there could be so many young men who love music in all London. Yet they are there. And they stand shoulder to shoulder almost as still as dead men, wrapt, like devotees at some great religious festival.

It is, it must be, mostly love of music which keeps those men there so motionless, so utterly still; but it may be too that it is in part the homage which men will always give in every phase of life to a great leader of men; for, above all, as you watch him, you see that Sir Henry is a great leader of men.

As I have already said, we need not wade through the programme—the comings and goings of excellent baritones, sopranos, and the like. It is the orchestra, the great instrument which Sir Henry plays that matters. And here again there is no need to plod through the programme. We will take only once again that Bolero for Orchestra by Ravel which I had heard rehearsed in the morning. I wonder what Ravel thought when he wrote it. That was less than a generation ago and France regarded him as what would now be described as a Bolshevik in music. To-day he is looked on as an upholder of the older order.

For myself, who know little of music, who as a general rule am not particularly affected by it, the curious effort of Ravel's, founded on Spanish dance rhythm, is one of the most overwhelming things I know.

Only one short tune is used throughout. The terrific effect it has on one is produced by the manner in which, repeated over and over again, it is gradually worked up to a tremendous crescendo by the addition, one after another, of more and more instruments in the orchestra.

That is why I said that I wondered what Ravel thought when he wrote it. He must have wondered in what manner conductors would make or mar his work. For he was handing on to conductors in succeeding generations a task which would demand the utmost of their understanding and their skill.

But that was where Sir Henry triumphed. The uneasy ghost of Ravel must have been in ecstasy that Saturday night. Indeed, as I watched Sir Henry at work—and it was real work—I began to understand what he had meant that morning when he laid it down that the crescendo must be approached slowly. For the piece opens with a melody played only on a solo flute, except for the quietly insistent tap of the drum and the faintest accompaniment from violas and 'cellos.

And Sir Henry was so gentle at the start, as though he were playing some fairy dance to a sleeping baby and were afraid to awaken it. And then, as his flickering hand turned the score, so he awoke more and more instruments to life. He picked up the oboes with one hand, beckoned on the double basses with the other, prodded the slumbering harps to life with his baton, and stretched forward to sharpen and deepen the clatter of the drum. And now he was working like a man possessed. He stood, heels together, and his legs never moved, but the hems of his absurdly short trousers quivered at the backs of his heels as his body swayed and pitched with ever growing intensity. His eyes were on every man that went to make up the vast instrument that he was now playing at fever pitch. His arms rose and fell like flails. He must have the muscles of a gymnast and the stamina of a seasoned athlete. He whipped up the flutes, steadied the clarionets, and always he was beating that maddening, tom tom-like drum into a louder volume of sound.

And always the same short tune repeated over and over again, but increased now to an incredible volume of sound which swelled and swelled to such an unbearable pressure that it seemed it must burst the very walls which held it prisoner. Then, with one wild passionate gesture of his whole body, Sir Henry swept the tumult of sound to a culminating, final blast. And instantly all was still.

But only for a few stunned moments. Then came another tumult. This from the audience. The people in the hall were on their feet again, beating time with their hands, yelling madly. And Sir Henry stood exhausted, his pale face paler than ever above his black beard. Simply, unaffectedly he wiped the sweat from his brow—the sweat born of a great labour done. And then with his pale, limp hands he beckoned to the orchestra, and they all stood up, exhausted too. And the men and the women—the human men and human women on whom Sir Henry had played—bowed to the yelling devotees.

And Sir Henry, master of the great machine, still wiped the sweat from his brow.

That's a "Prom," that is.

THE PLEBISCITE IN PRUSSIA—COMMUNIST RIOTS IN BERLIN: Members of the staff of the Communist headquarters at the Karl Liebknecht-Haus on the Bülowplatz in Berlin, are here seen being transported to the police station, during the attempt to identify the murderers of two police-officers, who were shot dead by Communists from the outskirts of a fracas. The picture on the right shows police arresting an obstinate woman Communist during riots in front of the Communist headquarters at Karl Liebknecht-Haus on the Bülowplatz in Berlin. The plebiscite was a failure as far as the hopes of the Nazi-Communist alliance were concerned. The existing German government continues to function

THE GOLDEN TIDE

The Meaning of the Movement of Gold from London to Paris — Why London Lends

BY A BANKER

The vast shipments of gold which have been made from the Bank of England during the past month have centred public attention on that aspect of high finance which is not only the most romantic but to the layman possibly the most unintelligible.

The amount of gold that changes hands in the City of London during the course of the year is very large. In 1930, for instance, the imports of gold amounted to over £86,000,000 and the exports to about £82,000,000. The dead weight of the bullion engaged in these operations was nearly 1,500 tons!

There are two channels through which gold can be bought. One, of course, is the Bank of England, and the other is the bullion market. The bullion market, which consists of a very small and exclusive circle of old-established firms, meets every day at eleven o'clock for the purpose of buying and selling any gold that might be on the market. Their most important day is Tuesday for every Monday evening, but too late for disposal that day, large quantities of newly mined gold arrive for sale from the Transvaal. This is offered in the market and sold to the highest bidder, but normally the prices cannot fluctuate beyond the buying and selling prices at the Bank of England, which are fixed by law at 77s. 9d. and 77s. 10½d. per oz. of standard or 22-carat gold. A certain amount of the gold is bought by the trade for use in industry and the arts, but the most important purchasers are the representatives of those foreign banks desirous of increasing their reserves. Should there be no purchaser in the market then the gold is merely sold to the Bank of England at the statutory price.

The importance attaching to these bullion transactions lies in the fact that gold is international money. All great countries base their monetary units on it—123½ grains of gold in England are worth £1, in France 124 francs, in Berlin 20 marks, and in New York 4·86 dollars. It is thus that the relative values of various currencies are established.

By adhering to the gold standard nations to-day are perpetuating the pre-historic custom of barter. In the earliest days of civilization people traded by direct barter. The man skilled in fishing would make payment in fish to his fellow who tilled the ground and from whom he received its fruits. But in practice there were hitches. The fisherman wanting fruit could not always find a husbandman anxious for fish and gradually humanity evolved a system of triangular barter. A third commodity was chosen to be a medium of exchange between all other commodities. This third commodity varied. Some tribes used shells, while others used metals or corn or hides. This was a great step forward. The hunter could now change his animal flesh for shells and then, as occasion arose, hand shells to the flint chipper for a new axe-head or to others of his community from whom he desired goods that they had produced.

Throughout the ages then various articles were used as currency, but it was found that they all had disadvantages. Some would deteriorate, others would be in irregular supply and therefore of changing value, but eventually there was found one commodity which seemed ideal for currency—namely, gold.

Gold is imperishable, it is in limited supply, it can easily be divided into smaller pieces, and it is in universal demand. These qualities placed gold in its present pre-eminent position as the foundation of a monetary system.

But as society progressed the use even of gold tended to diminish. People were content to leave their money safely locked in the strong rooms of the old goldsmiths, and later with the bankers, happy with the thought that they could get the gold when they wanted it. The bankers found that only a small proportion of their depositors wanted their money together, and therefore began to lend much of it to approved borrowers. They always kept enough gold in hand, however, to meet any possible demand, and so our present banking system began.

To-day the public do not even ask for gold with which to settle ready-money transactions. They are content to accept Bank of England notes, which in turn are convertible into gold on presentation at the bank. For internal purposes the cheque is supreme, and the annual aggregate of cheques drawn in England and Wales alone is roughly about £60,000,000,000. These enormous transactions are all carried through with confidence in a financial system which finally rests on the Bank of England's stock of gold which to-day is about £130,000,000.

For internal purposes therefore gold has ceased to circulate, and a cheque for £1 or a pound note has exactly the same purchasing power at home as a golden sovereign. But with international transactions it is different. Debts owing in foreign currencies have to be paid in those currencies, and if no supply happens to be available the creditor takes payment in gold, which instantaneously becomes francs in Paris, or marks in Berlin, or dollars in New York. The total amount of payments to a country is usually roughly about the same amount as payments from that country, after a most complicated list of transactions has been settled, including all imports, exports, interest payments, and foreign borrowing and lending. Whenever there is a final deficiency, however, payment is made in gold.

Now London is the banker of the world. Foreign bankers, in every capital, delight in keeping large balances here. They know that these can be withdrawn any time, and that if there should be any shortage of their own currency, that gold will be shipped. There is usually in London banks a sum owing to foreigners of £250,000,000 to £300,000,000. This is repayable on demand or at very short notice. London is therefore subject to heavy demands for cash from which less important centres are free.

During the recent disturbed times on the Continent, there has been a tendency on the part of many European bankers to strengthen their own reserves by withdrawing part of their balances in London and, as this movement of funds from England is temporarily greater than the inflow, settlement has been made in gold. To check this the Bank Rate has been raised.

In the present crisis London has borne the great share of the world's burden, and the Bank of England has taken the unusual step of accepting a £25,000,000 credit both from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and from the Bank of France. If the Bank utilizes these credits it will mean in effect that foreign demands for withdrawals can be met by obtaining the necessary funds, up to £50,000,000, from Paris or New York. In this way our stock of gold would be protected. These sums will, of course, be repaid.

Gold withdrawals to France have been especially large, not only during recent weeks but for some years. The total gold holding of the Bank of France at the end of July amounted to the record figure of £486,000,000. Surprise is sometimes expressed that France should be in a position to accumulate such an amount. It seems but a short while since the franc was the gambling counter of international speculators. Originally worth 25 to the £, it depreciated to one-tenth of its value and subsequently recovered to its present value of 124 to the £. Then why can a country with such a currency record secure so much gold?

The reason is this. When the franc was depreciating every Frenchman lost confidence in it. Those with payments due from overseas were content to leave the money lodged in foreign banks in a currency that was stable, and those with money at home sent it abroad. In that way France acquired huge foreign balances which have enabled her to withdraw from other financial centres so much of the world's gold.

England, had she so wished, could have pursued a similar course, but she has preferred to continue as the world's banker. Funds become due to her from all parts of the world as a result of our trade balance, which after allowing for "invisible exports" such as shipping freights, etc., is still heavily in our favour. Instead of calling these funds home, we allow them to be used as long term loans to foreign borrowers. Consequently, London occupies a unique place in the capital markets of the world and maintains her financial supremcy.

Our policy is a wise one. Provided the security is good, it is more profitable to lend than to hoard. Furthermore, foreign investments are potential gold reserves, as they can be sold and the proceeds either withdrawn to London or used to make foreign payments instead of shipping gold.

R. J.

GERMAN BANK DEPOSITORS REGAIN THEIR NERVE: When the German banks re-opened after the enforced closing of the banking houses—due to the temporary panic, there was no rush to withdraw money. The above view shows the customary scene at the Deutsche Bank und Disconto-Gesellschaft

The MUSLIM SPLIT in CAWNPORE

The Ceremony of the Burial of the *Tazias* has not only proved a *casus belli* between Hindu and Muslim but now between the Shia Sect, to Whom the Rite is Peculiarly Sacred, and Other Divisions of Islam

IN HONOUR OF HOSEIN: The *Tazias*, religious emblems of the Shia Sect of Muslims, on the way to Karbala, a burial ground, named after the battlefield where Hosein, the adopted son of Muhammad, lost his life in battle when fighting for the Caliphate against Moawiya. The *Tazias*, images of the tomb of Hosein, are here ceremonially interred. The horse carries a replica of the crown of Hosein on its back and this also is committed to the earth. Inset on left is the winged figure called Buraq, a kind of horse which figures in the Muslim belief that Allah sent a horse to take the Prophet Muhammad from Mecca to Heaven *via* Jerusalem

KARBALA: The burial ground outside Cawnpore, named after the battlefield on which Hosein lost his life, in which the *Tazias* are ceremonially buried every year at the festival of *Mohurrum*. Owing to the presence of the Gandhi signboard, to pass beneath which the *Tazias* had to be dipped, and the refusal of the Hindu authorities to remove it, the Muslim authorities ruled that these sacred Shia emblems should not be taken out until *chhellum*, as a settlement was anticipated by then. Orthodox and fanatical Shias, however, insisted on taking out the *Tazias* for burial on the correct date and, subsequently, producing riots and general disturbances. Public meetings were held in Cawnpore, and permission was given to take out *Tazias* to those who wished to do so. Hotheads, however, urged that no *Tazias* should be taken out and picketing was instituted. The pickets were arrested, but the situation in Cawnpore remains acute

IN PE

1931 Meets Old China on the Plains: *An old heralaic monster in the flat and desolate prairie country that lies fringed by the mountains over large areas of China*

The first thing which impresses one about Peking is its vastness, the second is its antiquity. There is nothing small or meagre in Peking, nothing which is not of magnificent conception and execution; its history dates back to times when the doings of the Western world were wrapped in the mists of fable, and though none of this counts any more in the eyes of the modern Chinaman who is trying too fast to create new things out of the very old, the tremendous past is always making itself felt.

Modern Peking (or Peiping as it is now called) is absorbingly interesting on account of the reforms and modernizations which go on in close proximity to reminders of what has been. The immense palaces with their Imperial dragons look down in splendid decay on the drab, uniformed, pigtailess soldiers of the Republic with their modern arms, the telegraph transmits news to be printed in a mixture of ideographic and Western characters, limousines jostle archaic country mule carts, and sedan chairs are held up in the main thoroughfares by caravans of long-haired camels from Mongolia. The Imperial Palaces are overlooked by a ten-storeyed hotel where Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang often spends an evening watching his more Westernized compatriots dancing modern dances, while a few streets away Chinese actors, with clashing gongs and fearsome masks, are telling the same story which Emperors of the Ming Dynasty listened to in the fourteenth century. A cinema flickers at the corner of Jade Street or Velvet Paw Lane, but in order to direct a Chinese 'ricksha coolie to the exact locality it is still necessary to employ the points of the compass to indicate the way; with "Go to the eastern side of the northern end of Flower Street or the western side of the southern end of Fried Fish Alley" or any other cardinal point of Peking.

But in spite of these anomalies the Chinese rulers of to-day are determined to reform and modernize against the most overwhelming difficulties, of which the most salient is the conservative mind of the man in the street who lives on a determined principle that what was good enough for his ancestors is good enough for him, and whose daily customs of the most trivial kind remain daily customs because they always were so.

One of the most amusing sights in Peking is to see men walking about the streets or public gardens, or sometimes sitting in tea-houses, carrying birds in cages. These men are not, as might be supposed, bird fanciers displaying their wares but the owners of the birds, or more frequently servants of the owners taking their pets for an airing. Chinamen of high standing will often send their birds for a drive, or even for a short railway journey, in order that they may see the world, and there was an occasion when a British Minister's servant in Peking demanded higher wages on the grounds that in his position he could not take his master's noble canaries to a common park or tea-house where they might overhear common birds singing.

Two Africans in China: *Mr. Walter Harris,* The Times *correspondent in Morocco, who has lived in the Riff and owns a lovely house in Tangier, with Mr. R. V. C. Bodley, the author of* Algeria from Within *and* The Sphere's *Special Commissioner in the Far East, outside the British Legation in Peking*

This bird-airing has, however, been brought to the notice of the municipal government as a sign of backwardness and indolence (though of the four hundred million or so Chinese 80 per cent. are dying of starvation from lack of means to earn a livelihood), so a decree has appeared prohibiting this practice.

Here is an extract from the *Peking Times* of May 26, 1931:

> One of the most picturesque features of Peiping will disappear when the latest order of the Municipal Government to forbid people taking their pet birds to the parks or streets for an airing is carried out. General Pao Yu-lin and Mr. Herbert Lou, Director of the Bureau of Public Safety and Social Welfare respectively, have received instructions from Mayor Hu Jo-yu to carry out the order. Police on point duty are ordered to use persuasion first, and if this fails the offender is liable to arrest.

Thus, in order to promote progress, General Pao Yu-lin and the Bureau of Public Safety must spend time and money trying to abolish a seventeenth-century custom dating from the Ching dynasty, while the last of this Imperial line, deprived of home and funds, lives in modest retirement in Tientsin on the little he can make by selling the few personal belongings which he managed to take with him when, betrayed by the Republicans who had promised him honourable retirement in the home of his ancestors, he fled from the Forbidden City.

Peking modernizing itself is a strange spectacle with a rather saddening effect on anyone wandering about the deserted palaces, disdainfully splendid in their decadence, and thinking of the days when the Forbidden City was forbidden and the Imperial City glittered with Imperial people.

What a tremendous and inspiring name the "Forbidden City," what dignity in the "Imperial City," and what a downfall! Though had it not been for the collapse of the Manchu dynasty I should be obliged to remain sitting where I am on the Chien Men (south gate of the Tartar city), looking down on the Dynastic Gate and up along the broad thoroughfare to the Tien An Men (south gate of the Imperial City) with its royal yellow roof, and on to series after series of royal roofs glinting in the sunlight, without any means of knowing what lay beyond the wooden doors or finding any way of passing through the pink walls of the Imperial City. All those splendid palaces, the *courres d'honneur* of the Tai Ho Men, one of the most grandiose architectural effects in the world, the more intimate dwelling pavilions of the emperors, the quarters of the concubines and the eunuchs and the guards, the miniature temples and the marble bridges on which I had been feasting my eyes would be denied me. Neither could I have seen the porcelains and the jades and the Ming pictures, or the Gobelin tapestries presented by Louis XIV, and the jewelled clocks from George III which are exhibited in the throne rooms.

The pleasant afternoon which I have just spent at the Sea Palaces, being rowed about on the Peihai Lake in a once Imperial barge, would have been possible only at the risk of my life. The Chinese shopkeepers whom I saw drinking lemonade below the Temple of the White Dagoba would have by now paid for their sacrilege by slow torture in the presence of grinning eunuchs.

To-day I could drive in a car over the most abominable road in the world, but stated to be good for China, and see the Summer Palace built in 1875 by the Empress Dowager with the fifty million gold dollars levied to build a Chinese Navy, the misappropriation of which undoubtedly caused China's humiliating defeat by Japan in 1894.

The effect of the artificial lake with its marble balustrades and the glittering roofs in the background is something which one does not easily forget. Even the marble boat, immovable and hideous with its false paddle wheel and wooden superstructure, now used as a tea house by the Chinese proletariat, is forgivable owing to the lovely setting, and interesting as the only maritime product of the squandered naval budget.

Then there is the Jade Fountain, a little beyond the Summer Palace, in a delicious pleasure park full of miniature temples and picturesque pagodas originally planned by Ming Ch'ang, the Kin Tartar ruler, early in the thirteenth century. The water of the fountain as it comes out of the ground is of the purest jade green, and forms a lake surrounded by innumerable flowering shrubs, from which again rise up the Western Hills where the visitor, weary of the summer heat of Peking, can take lodging in any of the many temples which nestle in the valleys, and spend there happy days of contemplative peace among the hospitable monks.

Living in Temples

This custom of living in temples is, I believe, peculiar to Peking. There are two methods of doing this, the simpler and more usual being to hire part of a Buddhist monastery from the monks at a nominal fee and install oneself with stores and bedding until one feels inclined to return to civilized life. During the guest's residence the customs and ceremonies of the temple continue as usual. It is a curious atmosphere which at first suggests irreverence, but after a while one comes to understand that the laughing monks or the fat Chinaman opening a box of sardines on the steps of the altar is not being disrespectful to the image above, but just showing a jolly friendly spirit to his protector.

The other temple-living method is to rent the entire building, converting it to one's own exclusive use. Several members of the Legations in Peking own their small shrines, a few miles outside the Tartar walls, where they spend the week-ends. The gods are usually left in their places above fine altars which make original sideboards, and devotions are permitted at certain hours when the master is not at home, a happy carefree life which is one of the characteristics of Peking.

A Tradition Forbidde... *rite, is prohibited in the...* Gov...

KING TO-DAY

Where Pet Birds are Still Aired in the Streets and Where One Can Hire a Temple as a Week-end Resort

By R. V. C. BODLEY

(Special "Sphere" Commissioner in the Far East)

I can give no explanation for this pleasing atmosphere as the climate of this part of China is abominable with its extremes of heat and cold, its dust-storms and piercing winds, but from the moment one steps out of the train the good-natured, smiling faces of the coolies give one a feeling of welcome. The shopmen are glad to sell their wares, but are in no way annoyed if one beats them down and leaves the counter without buying, the restaurant keepers, the servants, everyone seems to be happy and pleased to see one until that insolent attitude of the people of Shanghai and Nanking, who go out of their way to jostle the foreigner off the pavement, is almost forgotten.

Life in the Legations is likewise pleasant and quite informal. A state of orderly peace is noticed the moment one passes through one of the fortified gates. Outside dust and ruts and disorderly traffic, inside clean pavements, asphalt roads, neat lawns, intelligent policemen with a jumble of European architectural styles and a correspondingly different number of types of sentries according to the envoys extraordinary. The entertaining by the staffs of the Legations is *soigné* but not stiff, and impromptu parties are frequent as also parties at which the guests fail to arrive, but no one seems to mind and life continues gaily and at random.

What will happen if the Legations are forced to move to Nanking is difficult to say. It will be very hard to create again another Legation Quarter in the Southern capital, and with the various Chancelleries scattered about in a place which has none of the charm of Peking and is peopled by unfriendly Chinamen life will be difficult.

Such a move would also have the effect of giving a *coup de grâce* to Peking, already almost moribund. For the moment her last vestige of prestige is kept alive by the presence of the Legations, which can be interpreted to mean that the foreigners still regard her as the capital of China, but if that final make believe were taken away and the Imperial City had to maintain its reputation through the sight-seeing tourists, who are not even noticeable owing to the vastness of the place, it would not be long before the yellow palaces came clattering down into their majestic courtyards from sheer shame.

The Chinese want reform, the Chinese want the abolition of foreigners' privileges, but what worries them most in their daily lives is the "loss of face." It is like the shopman in Jade Street who haggles, allows himself to be beaten down and finally refuses to sell at the price suggested, allowing the customer to go away, and then later calling him back offers the goods at a few cents over the buyer's lowest bid. The customer accepts and is satisfied, so is the Chinaman at having sold something without the appearance of having given in or "lost face."

It is exactly the same with the ex-territorial negotiations, it is exactly the same with the Imperial City in Peking and the Legation Quarter. Peking and the North would be shamed if the Legations moved South, and it would no longer matter if the birds were aired and ignored the persuasive methods of General Pao Yu-lin's point-duty policemen.

Airing the birds," an ancient sts of progress by the Republican nt!

A STORY OF OLD CHINA: A magnificent archway in Peiping—as old Peking is now called. The archway, which gives on to the Hall of Classics, is beautifully carved

Devotional: A *lama priest at the Yung Ho Kunglama Temple, Peking. The ceremonial dress is of a faded yellow, the head-dress olive green with the upper part yellow. He is standing in front of a prayer wheel—a cylindrical chest full of written prayers revolving on an axle. One turn of the wheel is considered equal to the recitation of the thousands of petitions the "wheel" contains*

Peking, however, does not even know or care if a war in the South is imminent as the Imperial City is at present far too preoccupied with a new reform in the shape of a food tax (which is being fiercely and effectively resisted by all those affected) and by the illness of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who has consequently been unable to celebrate his thirty-first birthday with the customary feastings. Anyway the "battlefield" is over a thousand miles away from Peking, and the longer the "war" lasts the less anxious will be the Legations to move away from their fortified "quarter," which is all the Pekinese really worry about.

In the meanwhile it would be a good thing if Mr. Herbert Lou and his Bureau of Public Welfare thought more about essential matters such as the mending of the roads or the buying of two or three watering carts to replace the few coolies who now and then throw a little earth into the ruts or sprinkle evil-smelling mud on the ever dusty thoroughfares.

Legations and birds and points of the compass and food taxes are of secondary importance as long as the sanitation of Peking is allowed to remain in the same state as it was when the Greeks were still besieging Troy, though I suppose that if these things were not so the Chinese would not have had time to give us their colourful jades and potteries, or the splendid palaces which make one forget smells and dirt.

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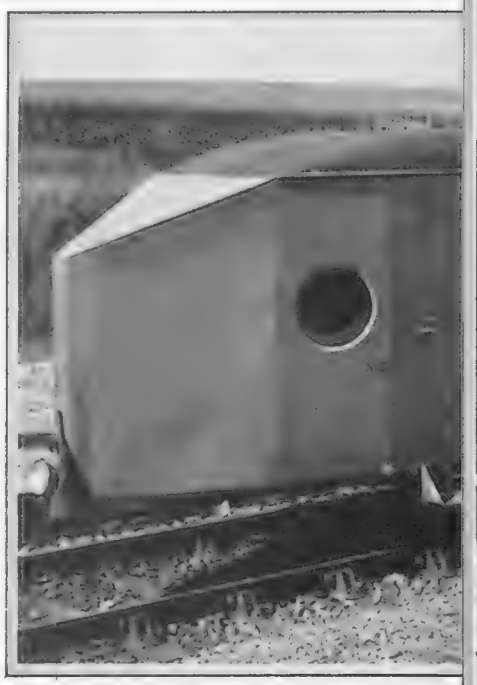
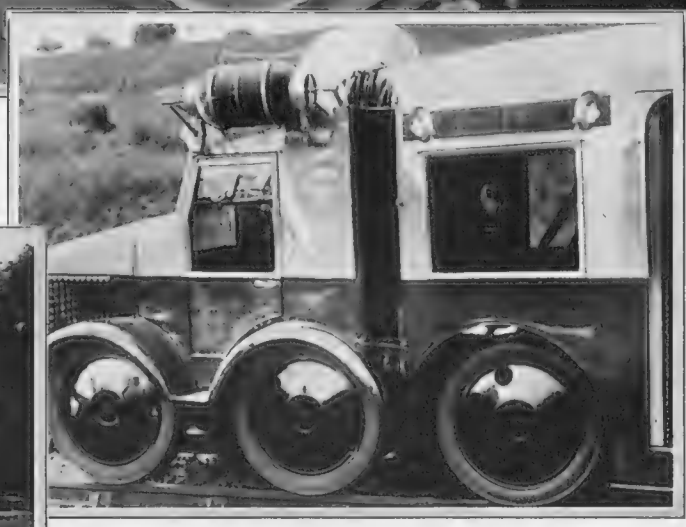
* This is no exaggeration, and one reads daily in the local press paragraphs in the war news column to the effect that General So and So commanding the ——th corps is in such a good financial position that he will in all probability be able to hold up the enemy for some considerable time—*i.e.*, be able to pay his own troops and, if things look menacing on the other side, make it worth while for the opposing commander to curb the offensive spirit. . . . *e.g.*, extract from *The Peking Times* of June 4, 1931: "From the North of the river, the word comes that General Shih Yu-san is most urgent in his loyalty to Nanking, also that he is now receiving 700,000 dollars per month from the Government which is considered enough for his military needs and to *insure his loyalty as well.* Since he has but four divisions under his command this would seem to be enough."

France's and England's RUBBER-TYRED AUTO-TRAINS



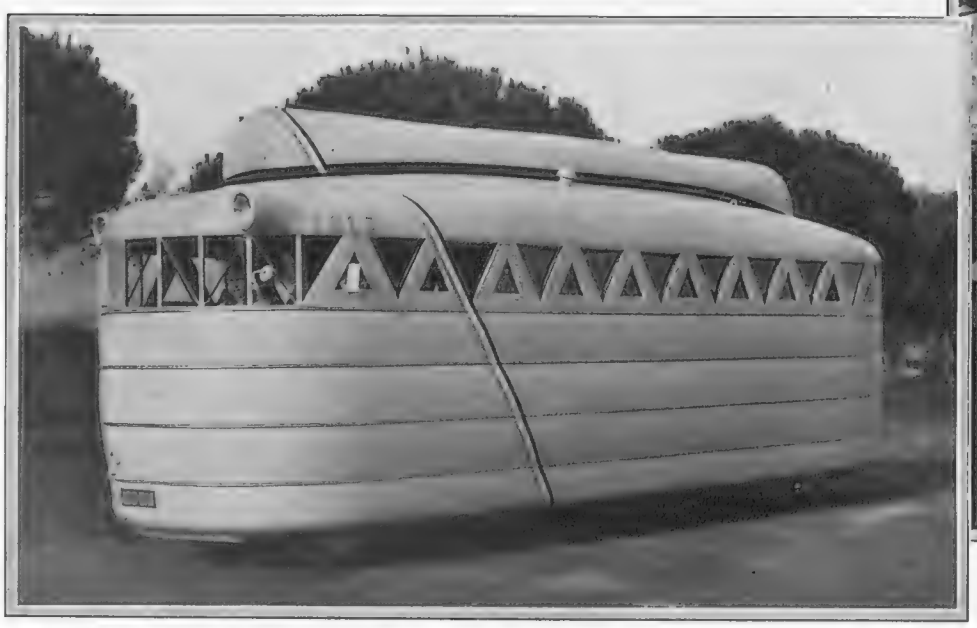
THE RUBBER-TYRED MOTOR-TRAIN: The new stern of the railway coach tested successfully on the French State Railways between Chartres and St. Arnoult. On right a close-up of the tyres is seen affixed to flanged wheels. They are stronger and thicker than motor-tyres and wider and flatter than those used on lorries. The mean speed achieved was 58½ m.p.h. (92 km.p.h.)



THE MOTIVE POWER: A side view of the bonnet of the new railway carriage—a charabanc which runs on rails and has just been tested in France. The carriage carries 24 passengers and weighs 500 kilogrammes (1,100 lb.)

THE MICHELINE: A general view of the rubber-tyred carriage on rails successfully tested on the Paris-Chartres line at the end of last month. The test was supervised by engineers of the French State Railways. The coach has flanged wheels, only a portion of which rests directly on the rails; the rest of the surface is covered by the tyres

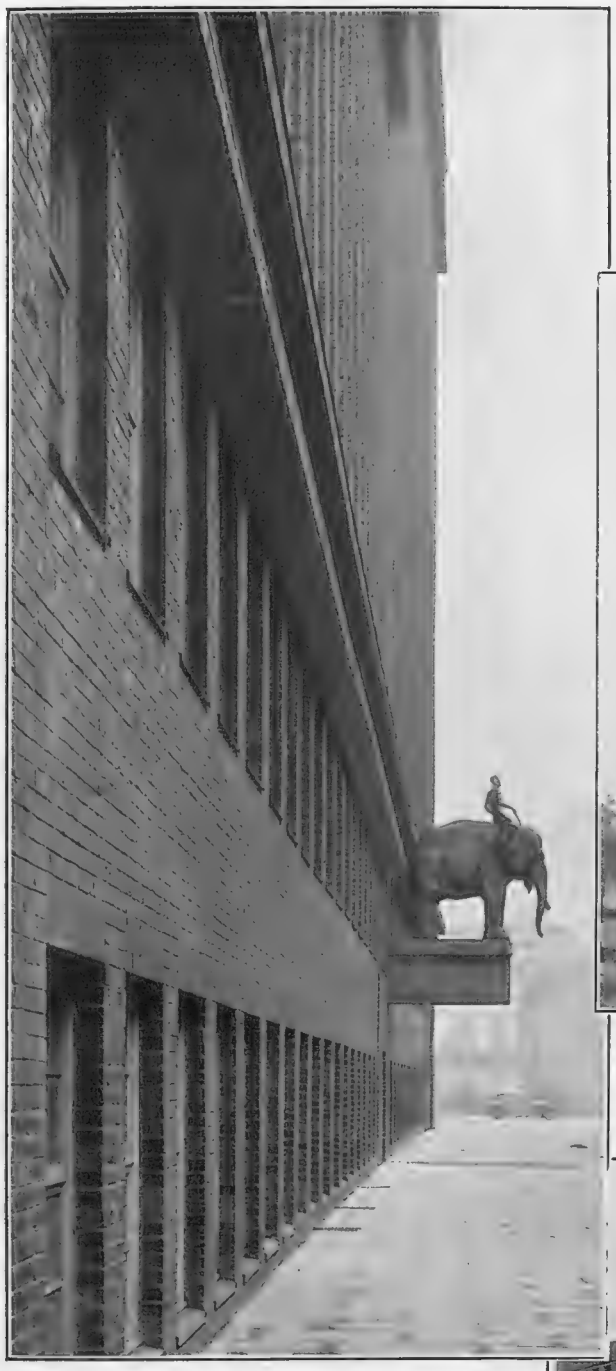
THE ENGLISH RAILROAD BUS: The coach designed, built, and tested by the L.M.S. recently. It can be used on road or rail and the conversion takes but one minute. Its main use is for continuous short journeys to villages remote from the terminus of the line. The attendant is levering the tyre clear of the line



A HOUSE ON WHEELS: The motor-caravan, 24 ft. long and weighing only as much as an ordinary touring-car, designed by a French engineer. It is driven by a 10-h.p. engine which consumes the oil and petrol of a normal car. It contains a kitchen, a lavabo, and one large room for eating, sleeping, and living. An opening in the roof is covered by a collapsible canoe

Is GERMANY BANKRUPT?

"The Sphere's" Second Pictorial Commentary and Exposition of Where the Marks have Gone

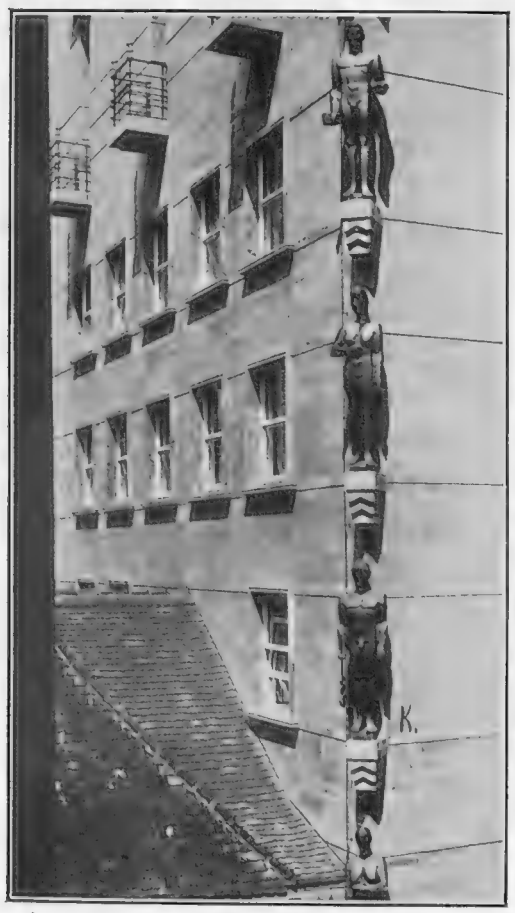


HAMBURG'S NEW LIBRARY: The impressive slab of the large building with its elephantine decoration which is but one new edifice in the famous German port

SCIENCE AND UTILITY IN ONE: The planetarium (observatory) at Hamburg is used also as a water-tower

PLASTIC DECORATION: The sculpture adorning the multi-storeyed house of the Deutsch-national-Handlungsgehifen-Verband—one of the great German organizations

THE MOST MODERN SCHOOL IN HANNOVER: This remarkable building in *style moderne* is known as Middle Class School 34, at Allenbekener Damm, Hannover. Note the many windows



DÉCOR IN BRONZE: Professor Weidanz designed this striking allegorical scheme of impressive bronze figures for one of the great industrial houses of Germany

THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER in the Tiergarten quarter of Berlin. It is the Rhenania Ossag-Haus, built to the design of Professor Fahrenkamp of Düsseldorf

Recently "The Sphere" showed, as a commentary on her financial crash, a number of new architectural enterprises completed in the post-War era by Germany. Above are seen some examples of the needless extravagance in décor which characterise the new works of a self-styled bankrupt nation

A LIBRARY DE LUXE: The new municipal library in Hannover where books are let out on hire. This shows the record office

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

INTERNATIONAL MILITARY FINANCE.—"Hard times melt Old World hates. Millions of jobless forcing European nations to co-operate."

The headline introduced an American press despatch from Geneva, in which native idealism and optimism inspired a compatriot of President Hoover to declare that the common unemployment problem and universal depression are driving Europe to co-operation. "It took a catastrophic world war to bring about political co-operation through a League of Nations. Now a world-wide crisis in agriculture, industry, and trade has brought a real economic co-operation within sight in Europe for the first time in history. The extension of this co-operation to include all the nations of the world is but a matter of time." The American correspondent expressed himself on behalf of the many convinced supporters of the League and others confident in the power of peace propaganda.

Meanwhile, the world to-day is spending one hundred times as much on preparing for national defence as for diplomatic service. For every penny spent for peace, over eight shillings are spent on the war machine. That is revealed by the findings of the French Bureau of the League of Nations. Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan, between them, plan to spend some £470,000,000 on war material this year.

France, Europe's shell-shocked dove of peace, is hastening the completion of the great French wall of fortifications along the Belgian, German, and Italian frontiers, which is part of the Foch scheme of national defence. The French Chamber of Deputies in June authorized the further sum of 2,400,000,000 francs for this project, which has already cost the country some 1,428,000,000 francs. Engineers estimate the total expenditure somewhere around four milliards of francs. Of the latest credits for the Great Wall, and all it involves, 390,000,000 will be spent on artillery, and 2,010,000,000 by engineers on the actual construction. The scheme includes concrete trenches, with dug-outs containing hospitals, kitchens, deep sleeping quarters to accommodate whole regiments out of reach of shell fire, concrete machine-gun "pill-boxes," gun-pits for colossal field pieces, underground magazines for the storing of arms, ammunition, and food supplies. The latter will have to be renewed every year. France has one soldier on active duty for every seventy-seven citizens.

In spite of these facts and figures France is going to Geneva next year as the professed apostle of disarmament. She will prove that she has cut her active and reserve army forces by 45 per cent. as against Britain's 19 per cent. and Japan's 25 per cent.

Very interesting is the table, showing relative variations between the 1913 and the 1930–31 Budgets, after allowing for depreciated currencies figured from a wholesale index adopted as standard by the League statisticians.

	1913 Budget	Index 1913-1930	1930 Budget	Variations per cent
United States (in thousand dollars)	257,333	1·39	668,277	+86
Japan (in thousand yen)	191,886	1·71	486,795	+48
Great Britain (in thousand pounds)	86,028	1·36	115,159	− 1
Italy (in thousand lire)	925,975	5·9	4,746,902	−14
France (in thousand francs)	2,152,000	6·10	11,876,495	−16

"What a long way we have fallen back since the war, despite all the talk of 'creating a new world,'" deplores ex-Chancellor Dr. Hans Luther, President of the German Reichsbank. "Before the war, there were thirteen different currencies, now there are twenty-seven. Before the war, the customs frontiers of Europe were 5,000 miles long; according to the figures which M. Briand gave in his Pan-Europa Memorandum, they are now more than 12,500."

Dr. Luther, a few weeks ago, gave the world unemployment figures as 20,000,000, concluding to the effect that the world can only be saved if the nations adopt the principle of service to one another.

TREASURE TROVE.—The lure of gold, romance of hidden treasure, and pirate's buried hoards continue as tantalizing incentives for adventure and exploration. Sunken millions, in many cases for centuries the undisputed booty of Neptune and all his sirens, now begin to glitter within the reach of man equipped by science.

£4,000,000 of bullion was the objective of the divers recently trying to salvage the treasure of the P. and O. liner *Egypt*, sunk in 1922 off the French coast near Ushant. An equally businesslike expedition for a picturesque purpose was the voyage of the *Reclaimer*, manned by thirty men pledged to secrecy, with eight divers aboard, which left Sunderland a couple of months ago to raise £1,000,000 of bullion from the Dutch liner *Tubantia*, sunk during the war by a German submarine.

More than £20,000,000 in gold and silver ingots await claimants at the bottom of Vigo Bay, on the north-western coast of Spain, being the treasure aboard the sunken Vigo Bay Plate fleet. Other famous lodes of "drowned gold" include the estimated £2,000,000 treasure of the Spanish galleon *Pereira*, supposed to have carried the pay of the Spanish Armada in 1588. At least fifty companies have been financed, and have organized treasure-hunts to recover the gold—unsuccessfully, though, for centuries.

The crown jewels of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, the priceless rubies of the Empress Charlotte, together with nearly £1,000,000, have remained on the sea-floor since the *Merida* sank off Virginia Capes in 1911. The *Lusitania* in war time bore £1,000,000 nearly 300 ft. below the surface of the water. The *Golden Gate*, of the old Pacific Mail Line, left San Francisco some sixty years ago with about £1,000,000 from the goldfields of California and a full complement of passengers. South of Mazatlan she caught fire. More than 300 lives were lost, and of the treasure-cargo only one-fourth has so far been recovered. The *Arabic*, victim in 1915, had about £1,000,000 on board. The Japanese, *Yasaka Maru*, with some £2,500,000, has been lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean since 1919. The Maharajah of Kapurthala lost nearly £1,000,000 of gems and jewels in the ill-fated *Geelong*.

The whole of the £7,000,000 burden of the White Star liner, *Laurentic*, sunk by a German submarine in 1917, has been recovered. So was the £800,000 or so in the *Oceana*, wrecked near Gibraltar. Of the £10,000,000 booty-cargo of a Turkish fleet sunk in Navarino Bay, Mediterranean, 100 years ago, some £50,000 has been recovered. The rest must still be there. Although more than £50,000,000 in bullion is estimated to have been reclaimed from the sea by modern and scientifically-equipped prototypes of the picturesque treasure-seeker of adventure-fiction and romance, untold wealth in ingots, coins, jewels, and treasures remains to fill the dower-chests of the Sea King's daughters.

A CHANGE OF HEADGEAR: By ministerial orders, the military garrison of Paris now wears képis of bleu d'horizon *instead of the cap affected by the gendarmerie. Members of the corps are seen above wearing the new garment at the Franco-British sports*

ROYAL BEGGARS.—Janis, Crown Prince of the Livish people, is doing two years' hard labour for refusing to serve in the Latvian Army. Son of King Ulrik of Livland, Riga district, heir-presumptive to the legacy of six thousand Livish-speaking "subjects," nationals of an almost unknown minority in Latvia, Janis is determined to uphold the royal traditions, and chose prison as an insubordinate recruit rather than renounce his right to claim the "throne" of his forefathers.

Guido, son of King Leo XIII of Khorassan in Armenia, made enough money in tips as waiter with the Wagon-lits Company to establish himself as the *padrone* of a tiny station café at Varello Sesia, Italy. For ten centuries Guido di Lusignano's ancestors ruled in the East. A namesake was King of Jerusalem in the twelfth century. Seventeen members of the Lusignano family reigned in turn over Corfu in the past. "King" Guido, as he might have been, proved himself so efficient as waiter and innkeeper that his true identity remained unquestioned until quite recently.

The most poignant chapter of post-war history will be a twentieth-century version of the Annals of the Poor—royal and noble exiles, poor in fortune, poor in friends, poor in preparation and experience for battling with a democratic world of implacable competition, poor in hope.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia, unrecognized and unknown as such, is now a Paris street beggar, grateful for small coins tossed her way by the careless café crowds of the Gay City. Princess Ida Sulkovsky thought herself lucky to change her job of washing down shop floors for that of maid-of-all-work in a Viennese family at 5s. a week. Her identity was revealed when she fell ill and was removed to the free hospital.

A Mrs. Baker, linen-maid in a London club, turned out to be Princess Alia Dimitrievna of Russia. The Archduchess Maria Theresa, sister-in-law of the late Emperor Francis Joseph, lives in poverty in two rooms in Vienna. The former Speaker of the Russian Duma (Parliament) and his wife, Baroness Mina Fersen, lived in exile for ten years in Baden near Vienna, so poor that they could not afford to buy a bed to sleep upon. The Baron carved wooden trinkets for tourists, but they did not bring him enough to buy regular food. The Baroness literally died of starvation.

More fortunate, though probably unutterably drab in comparison with former state, is the lot of the ex-Queen of Moheli and her consort, a French gendarme. The marriage of the Queen of exotic Moheli (one of the Comoro Islands in the Indian Ocean) and her French lover was the occasion of two weeks' fantastic celebration in that tropical kingdom. In 1912, however, the French Government claimed the island, brought the Queen and her consort to Paris on pension, which they laboriously supplement by growing peas in their suburban back-garden. Times are hard, the Queen complains, and is asking for an increase of £40 a year.

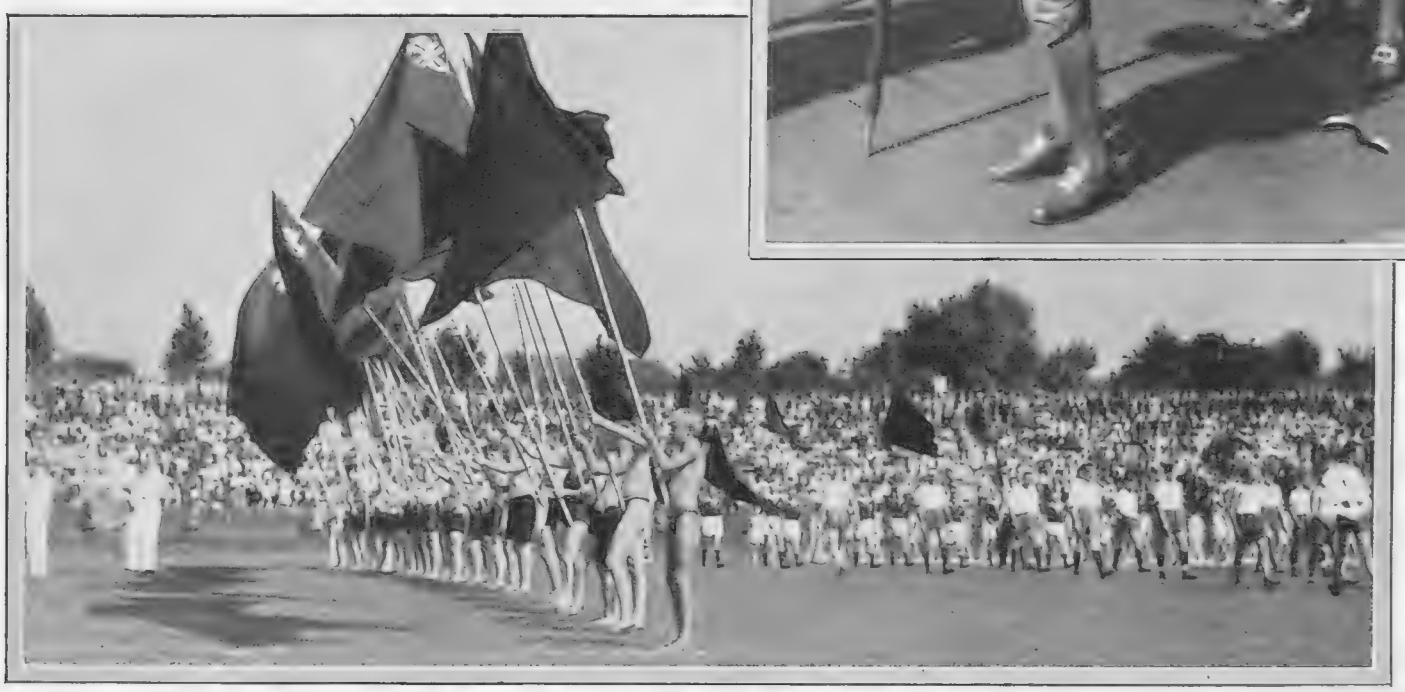
The famous Manchu Princess Langtai, liaison between the Court of the Empress Dowager Tsu Hsi and the ladies of the foreign diplomatic corps in those brilliant years, died in Tientsin in circumstances of such extreme poverty that no money was available to give her decent burial.

THE FIRST GRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PEKING: Wearing the gowns first used by the literati *of the Chow Dynasty, 551 B.C., the first graduates of the Catholic University received their baccalaureate last month. The eleven graduates are here seen with two Chinese professors (left) and Rev. Dom Clougherty, Chancellor, and Dr. Barry O'Toole, President*

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

Pictorial News from Abroad

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: The Kalka–Simla express was derailed last month near Dagshai. The Barog Tunnel is seen on the left. The engine and three carriages—one inter-class and two third-class—were hurled down the embankment. 45 were injured but none were killed



THE WARRIORS OF TO-DAY IN THE UNIFORMS OF YESTERDAY: Modern French soldiers represent the Régiment de Karrer, in 1731. The regiment saw service in both North and South America — in Canada and Louisiana. The uniform is red with blue facings. The occasion of the parade was the National Festival of France and the site the Colonial Exhibition

GERMANY PARADES FOR DISARMAMENT: A scene in the Neukölln Stadium, Berlin, during the anti-war demonstration by Socialists. The nudity which has swept Germany in the past few years like wildfire reached its climax at a semi-official occasion of this type

THE ANCHOR OF COLUMBUS: This relic from the Santa Maria, *the flagship of the great explorer, has come to Europe from Hayti for the first time in 500 years. It is on view at the International Colonial Exhibition at the Bois de Vincennes. An American has offered a substantial sum for this unique relic*

ITALY'S BIGGEST LINER LAUNCHED: Rex, *of 50,000 tons, glides down the slipway at Sestri Ponenti in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy*

VORACIOUS BIRDS OF PREY OF THE WATER; Cormorants on an inland loch in the South of Scotland. The two smaller islands in the background are massed with nests—cormorants on the one and common tern on the other

THE RINGED PLOVER ON ITS NEST: The nest is a mere depression lined with tiny shells, and the eggs are so like stones as to be difficult to find

Throughout the year the ringed plover is one of the most familiar birds along our shores. In the winter it mixes freely with dunlins and other small waders, and it is a pleasing sight to watch a flock of these birds suddenly rise from the shore where they have been feeding and fly out over the sea: then, wheeling as one bird, their white underparts flashing brightly in the sun, they return like a well-drilled company to resume their search for marine insects. In breeding plumage the white forehead and collar each outlined in black, with orange-coloured bill and legs, would, one would imagine, make the ringed plover a conspicuous bird. But, as in many other cases, Nature has arranged her colours as a protection in normal surroundings, and the ringed plover when standing or sitting amongst the pebbles of a beach is by no means easy to see.

Often known locally as sea swallows on account of their long forked tails, the terns are some of our most delightful summer visitors. Many an idle hour may be spent by the seaside watching these fascinating birds as, with bill pointed

moment, a dive is ma
and in a second the bi
fish in its bill. The
written as pee-airre is
of the Arctic variety.
amongst sand, shingle,
not the Arctic tern la
hollow of the ground,
few dead grasses or o
their young, terns are
more above the intruder
generally checking within
the performance, but oc
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pictures taken by Capt
Scotland illustrate typica

The cormorant is a
although a far more fero
Phalacrocorax, the Gre

BIRDS

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THE ARCTIC TERN: Very similar to the common tern, this species, which has a somewhat sharper cry, is prevalent in the North of Scotland. It usually lays its two or three eggs in an unlined hollow of the ground, while its more southerly brother generally employs dead grasses for its nest

THE COMMON TERN: A female on the nest

downwards, they fly with powerful beats of their long wings a few feet above the sea. Then, hovering for a made into, but rarely underneath, the water, bird is up again as often as not with a tiny he cry of the common tern which may be is more drawn out than the sharper pee-air ty. Both nest in colonies which may be le, rocks, or vegetation. More often than lays its two or three eggs in an unlined d, while the common tern generally uses a other material for its nest. In defence of re fearless. Flying round some 20 ft. or der the old bird will suddenly swoop down, thin a foot of its enemy before rising to repeat occasionally one may receive a sharp blow on when amongst the Arctic terns. The above aptain Alan Walmsley on the north coast of pical nests of the common and Arctic terns. s a bird of the same order as the pelican, ferocious bird. There are many sub-species of Greek name means bald-headed raven, all over

to WATCH

by

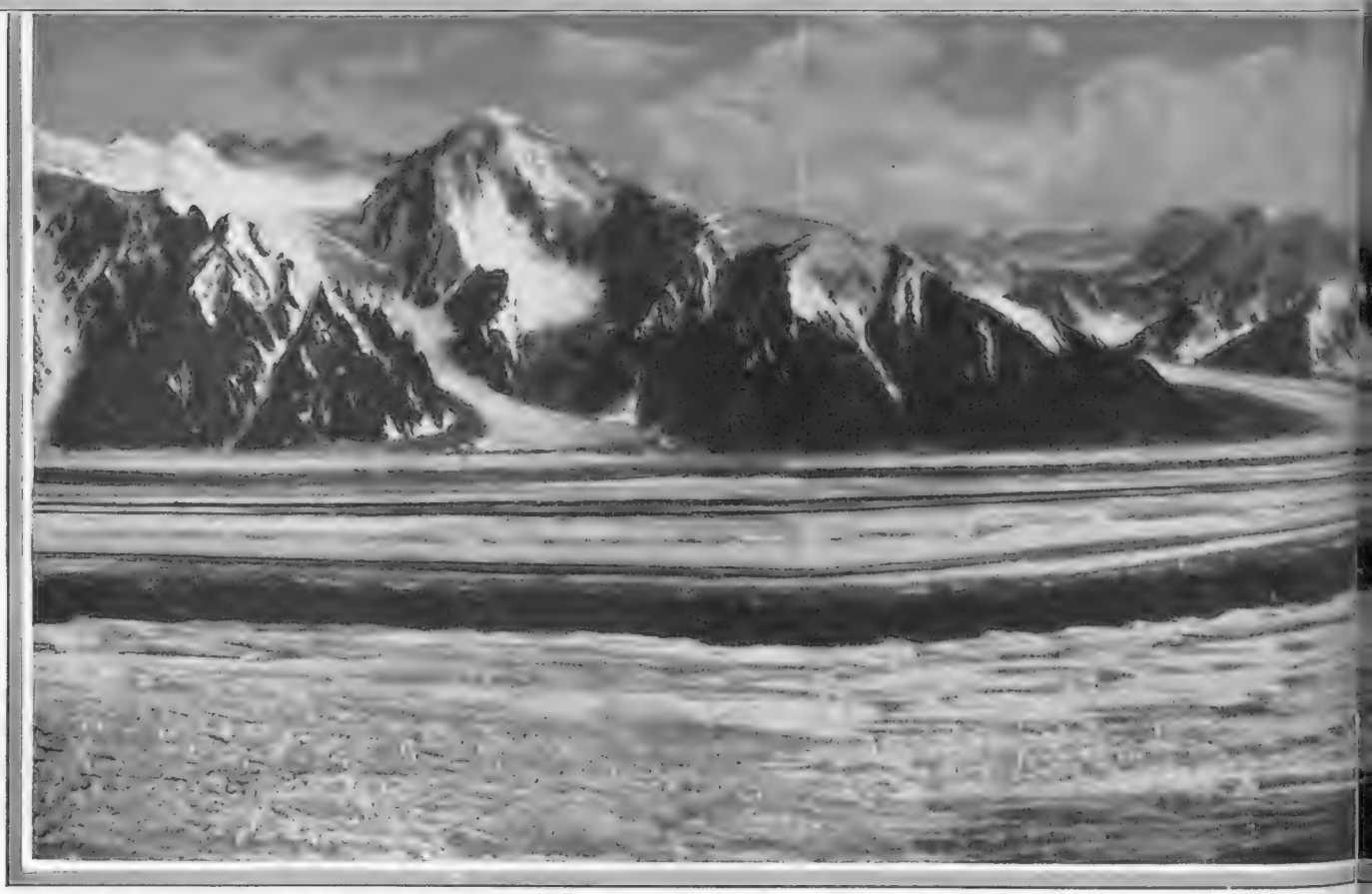
JMMER SEA

Studies by Captain Alan Walmsley

CORMORANTS IN YOUTH AND AGE: At a fortnight old, the young of this voracious species have neither down nor feathers. The adult bird beyond is drying itself after a swim

the world, some crested, some not. There is a dilatable membrane beneath the lower jaw—proof of the relationship of the pelican. The toes are webbed, the middle claw being serrated and used to trim the plumage. They do not dive in flight but from the surface of the water, and one species has been caught in a crab pot at a depth of 120 feet. If the prey is inconveniently seized, it is flung up and caught in mid-air with great adroitness. When attacked, all species fight with vigour, determination, and effect. It used to be trained in England, as it still is in the Far East (China and Japan), to catch fish for man. At first a ring is put round its neck to prevent it from swallowing the catch, but it soon learns to bring its prey to its master, being allowed subsequently to fish on its own account. The flesh of the cormorant is dark and fishy, but the young of some species are, in the last resort, eatable.

The purpose of the Dainelli Expedition was mainly to supplement the scientific information achieved by the Filippo de Filippi Expedition, of which Signor Dainelli was a distinguished member. The former expedition had left one area unexplored—that in the Nubra Valley, where the mighty Siachen Glacier—the largest in the world, save the polar glaciers—extends its area of 780 square miles. Having traversed this entire glacial area, Dainelli conducted his caravan through the pass, at 19,826 feet, communicating to the Rimu Glacier, descending on the latter to the northerly front, where rises the River Yarkand. The expedition traversed the whole of Ladak as far as the capital, Len, and thence went through a pass at 17,550 feet still heavily snowed up. The Siachen Glacier, which had already been visited by an American explorer, Dr. Workman, had been condemned as inaccessible from the front, but Dainelli disproved this assertion by going up it to its middle, where a camp was established from which excursions were made. The expedition was cut off by the flooding which had rendered the Nubra unfordable, but emerged towards the Rimu Glacier despite the impossibility of getting more provisions and violently adverse weather—a result due in large measure to the members' Alpine experience. The pictures of the expedition were taken by Miss Elly Kalan



TWO GREAT EXPEDITIONS—the KAMET in the H

The Conquest by the Young British Expedition of the Second Highest Peak in the Empire an

MOUNT KAMET CONQUERED

The Great Himalayan Peak, 25,447 ft. High, Scaled by a Youthful Expedition

The Mount Kamet Expedition has succeeded by climbing this mighty peak, in attaining the highest summit ever conquered by man—25,447 ft.—and also in scaling the second highest mountain in the British Empire. Led by Mr. F. G. Smythe, the personnel included Dr. Raymond Green Mr. R. L. Holdsworth, Wing-Commander E. B. Beauman, Mr. E. E. Shipton, and Captain E. de St. J. Birnie. There have been nine previous expeditions to Kamet—for reconnaissance and for actual assault on the peak—the most successful of which were that of Meade and that of the late Dr. Kallas and Col. Morshead—both of whom achieved about 23,500 ft. Kamet is 1,103 ft. higher than Jonsong Peak, the highest point previously reached by man. The panorama on the left shows a view of members of the expedition on the ridge leading to the actual summit of Kamet. On the right is Mana Peak, and to the left of the ridge is the East Kamet Glacier thousands of feet beneath. Two excerpts from the leader's narrative are eloquent of the experiences undergone: "One's eye passed almost contemptuously over mighty range upon mighty range to seek repose in the violet shades of illimitable horizons"—and—"the gasping toil necessary in conveying 25 lb. on the back from 20,600 ft. to 22,500 ft. will not easily be forgotten"

Below is the Siachen Glacier with its icy tributaries

EMPIRE, the DAINELLI in TIBET—RECORDED

and the Achievements of the Italian Expedition Amid the Glaciers of Western Tibet

ART and its CASH VALUE To-day

A DELIGHTFUL LANDSCAPE which has recently changed hands at a Continental sale. This landscape composition, by Ludwig Ferdinand Schnorr von Karolsfeld, is based on the scenery at Mödling, near Vienna. It is extraordinarily modern in arrangement and feeling. It is dated 1838. The artist was born at Königsberg in 1788 and died in Vienna in 1853

SOLD FOR MORE THAN £30,000: The famous painting, by Goya, of the Marquesa de Pontejos which has just been disposed of by the Spanish Marques de Miraflores to a private American buyer for one and a half million pesetas

As the doors shut in King Street over Messrs. Christies' salerooms, and the entrance is barred in New Bond Street, we can take a fleeting look back over the past season.

It is probably time that we no longer compared prices with those of 1920 onwards, but looked back to the more modest time before the War, when surprising "records" did not so often occur. With that criterion in view the prices given during the past season do not seem so depressing. For instance, 6,500 guineas for a Romney portrait of Richard Meyler as a little boy and 6,000 guineas for two panels of tapestry from Bramshill Park are not quite negligible, while 2,300 guineas is surely a fair price for a Chippendale mahogany writing-table, also from Bramshill. The Howard Grace Cup, reputed to have been the property of Thomas à Becket, was sold for £10,000, and is now a national treasure in the South Kensington Museum. One is also glad to record that the country is richer, from the sale in June last, of the cabin furniture belonging to Lord Nelson, which was sold for 950 guineas and is now to return to its original home in the *Victory*.

A Circus Proprietor Buys Pictures

There has naturally been nothing sensational in these last weeks, with the drifting away of purchasers from London; but there were one or two interesting features in the last sales of pictures. Owners are hunting up their Gilbert Stuart pictures after the "find" of the other week, and his portrait of John Fitzgibbon, Chancellor of Ireland at the time of the Union in 1800, fetched 440 guineas at Messrs. Christies. A sporting picture of John Ferneley, of Captain Joseph Smyth-Windham, mounted on a bay hunter, with a groom standing alongside by another hunter, sold for 500 guineas. A large picture of Mars and Venus by Lazzarini, the seventeenth-century Venetian painter, a good example of his bright colouring and good composition, was bought by Mr. Ringling, the American circus proprietor, for the modest sum of 70 guineas for the gallery of pictures which he is collecting. A Triptych by Lorenzetti, of a Madonna and Child with Saints and Angels, typical of the Sienese work of the early fourteenth century, fetched 310 guineas.

At Messrs. Sothebys, a charming pastel portrait by Daniel Gardner, of Philadelphia de Lancey in a white dress with a blue sash, was bought for £500. Miss de Lancey was the daughter of the Governor of New York, and after her marriage to Ralph Payne, of Tofts Hall, Norfolk, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with her little boy, in the famous picture "Pick-a-Back." The Rowlandson water-colour drawings, the property of the late Mr. Desmond Coke, did not fetch very high prices at Sothebys, the highest being £135 for "The Library of the Royal Institution."

The Vagaries of Prices

Any generalization about a "slump" in prices is at once "queered" or made to look foolish by some surprise such as the money paid for a very fine copy of the first collected edition of Chaucer's *Workes*, printed by T. Godfray in 1532, with twenty woodcuts, which, starting with a bid of £100, fell at £2,250, the highest price ever paid for this book. This was sold at Messrs. Sothebys the same day that the fifteenth-century manuscript, *The Ordinance of Chivalry*, compiled for Sir John Astley, was sold for £1,600. Another beautiful illuminated manuscript, *The Roman de la Rose*, fetched £390.

A Rare Shelley Pamphlet

A seven-leaved pamphlet, entitled *A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote*, 1817, realized £650, no mean price for these days, even for such a rarity for Shelley collectors! It bore an inscription "From the Author," and there seems no doubt that it was sent by Shelley to James Perry, the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, among whose large collection of tracts it was found. The pamphlet was written at a period when Shelley was actively energetic in his efforts to reform the world.

The sale of the late Mr. Arnold Bennett's books, 2,000 in number, realized a total of £1,516. They consisted largely of presentation copies by modern writers, and were bought for sums ranging from 2 to 20 guineas, the highest price being £29 for the presentation copy of Joseph Conrad's *Choice*, 1914, second edition.

THE CHARLES I SALT-CELLAR which provided a sensation at Christies. A twelve-year-old boy calmly raised the bidding from 500s. per oz. to 750s. per oz., but failed to acquire it

A PANEL OF GOBELINS TAPESTRY, woven with a subject emblematic of the month of June, with a scene in a hayfield, with peasants catching birds in the centre, others mowing grass at the side, and view of a cottage in the distance. The dresses of the haymakers are carried out with living detail. The tapestry, 23 ft. long, 11 ft. 6 in. high, fetched 1,300 guineas at Christies

TEMPLES of OLD NILE

From the Earliest Times to the Christian Era

Described by
MARGARET A. MURRAY

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF DENDERA: The most magnificent and imposing of the Ptolemaic Temples of Egypt. The inscription on the cornice dedicates the Pronaos to Aphrodite in the name of Tiberius

There is a perpetual fascination about the temples of the Egyptians, but to many the stately volumes dealing with these tremendous relics of the past are inaccessible. Miss Margaret A. Murray's volume on the *Egyptian Temples* (Sampson Low), will be welcome as a comprehensive record in handy form. Every type of temple is dealt with from the earliest to one of the latest at Tâfa, which was probably erected within the Christian era. In addition to these details, the general information is particularly instructive. One learns that the pyramid field is definitely limited. It extends from Abu Rowash in the north to Lahun in the south, a distance of about fifty miles, and is on the west side of the Nile. Isolated pyramids are found occasionally, but these are of a different type. . . . "One of the principal difficulties in building in the Nile Valley is the annual movement of the ground. When the inundation begins, the seepage from the river causes the ground to rise for several inches, sometimes as much as a foot, and always unevenly; when the inundation subsides the ground subsides, also again unevenly, till it returns to its original level. The ancient Egyptian architect never overcame this difficulty, except by building beyond the reach of the effects of the inundation. In the desert at the foot of the cliffs there was no water, either from the heavens above or from the earth beneath, to destroy his buildings, and stones set up on the rock would remain standing; for such temples his foundations were so perfunctory as to be almost nil, as at Hatshepsut's temple at Dêr el Bahri. But when building on the moving ground the problem taxed his capacities to the utmost, and he failed to evolve any adequate method of coping with the difficulty. In the temples along the edge of the cultivation, where the ground is affected by the rising and falling flood, the foundations are pitifully weak and inadequate. They consist of a sand-bed and small blocks of stones; but there is no attempt made to prevent the sand being washed away by the water, and the blocks of stone are too small to support the weight of the enormous buildings erected over them. It is surprising that the temples have lasted so long and have not collapsed long ago; the reason probably is that they were supported by the mass of debris accumulated round them in the course of centuries. Now that they have been cleared and that, owing to the silting of the riverbed, the level of the inundation has risen, the inadequate foundations are causing the destruction of some of the finest examples of Egyptian architecture. The Department of Antiquities is repairing with cement and reinforced concrete; it remains to be seen how these modern methods will resist the force of the uneven movements of the ground."

"The chief materials used in buildings were sun-dried bricks, limestone, granite, sandstone, and some alabaster, quartzite, and basalt; the Imperial porphyry of the Romans, though actually found in the Eastern desert, was never used by the Egyptians."

"The problem of lighting was solved by the Egyptians in their usual practical manner. Whether in tomb-chapels or in temples, openings in the form of long horizontal slits were made at the tops of the walls immediately under the ceiling. The light, therefore, was not direct sunlight but was softened by the shadow from the ceiling and was diffused all over the chamber or hall. This was the earliest method; in later temples the light was often admitted by an opening in the roof; this was sometimes wide on the outside and narrowed downwards to a smaller aperture where the light entered the chamber (pl. XX. 2). The light so introduced gives a very delicate and pure illumination, and on those highly decorated walls the low relief sculptures, brilliantly painted as they are, glow like a rich mosaic. In many of the dark halls light was also reflected through open doors, and served to illuminate the lower part of the sculptured walls. In the temples of Thebes, which are almost entirely of the New Kingdom, the lighting of the hypostyle halls was by means of a clerestory."

DAKKA: This temple had a considerable vogue among the Greek and Roman tourists visiting Nubia many of whom recorded their vows in still extant inscriptions. The Greek god Hermes was worshipped in this temple

THE GRANITE TEMPLE NEAR THE SPHINX: This is held by Miss Margaret Murray to be the most stately of all Egyptian temples. It has no decoration of sculpture or colour, its effect depending entirely on the massive strength of the squared pillars

A PTOLEMAIC CAPITAL FROM TÂFA: This, a late Egyptian form, probably dates from Christian—not pre-Christian times

THE ROCK TEMPLE OF SPEOS ARTEMIDOS: Situated in romantic scenery, in a ravine in the cliffs, it served as a wayside chapel for the stone-quarriers. The worship was feline, the goddesses Sekhmet, Pakht and Bâst being especially revered. The pillars are hewn out of the cliff itself

DISTINGUISHED TERPSICHOREANS: Pat and Terry Kendall, the son and daughter of the famous Marie Kendall, have returned from their successes in the U.S.A. to repeat them at the Victoria Palace in The Hour Glass

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Queer Fish."

There is a Mr. Trout and a Mrs. Trout, and somebody calls somebody else "Mrs. Haddock," and the name of the piece is *Queer Fish*. From this it is possible to make a fair guess at the standard of humour reached in the new entertainment at the Apollo Theatre, labelled farcical-comedy. It is not an accurate label, since there is no comedy in it whatever. The mixture is farce of the most irresponsible type and a variety programme. In the latter department I would put a scene in which a motor-car with a comic hood figures; if the hood was comic the scene was not, though Harry Tate would have made it so. Mr. Arthur Hardy, who is not such a good actor as Mr. Tate, since he has no repose and allows restless gestures to kill laughs with unfailing regularity, let it go for nothing. A far better turn was that of Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith as a quick-change artist. Whether Mr. Clarke-Smith does his changes *coram populo* or in the privacy of a special dressing-room somewhere near the prompt corner, they are all of them effective. He is one of the few actors of the young school who knows how to walk the stage in a "straight" part and how to walk off with all the honours in character work. His American detective (wearing a Savage Club tie), his deaf and peppery Anglo-Indian colonel, his Hans Breitmann-like German may be conventional figures; but they want careful handing. I could find no reason why they should have been undertaken at all, for they had nothing to do with the plot. Yet Mr. Clarke-Smith was distinctly a boon.

The author, Mr. Will Scott, has written some amusing lines, some of the best of which must, however, have been meaningless to those not conversant with theatrical "s h o p." Unfortunately he has displayed no sense of farcical situations. The curtain fell on each act, therefore, in somewhat damp fashion, and each act might have gone on indefinitely. Fortunately it did not. The final curtain showed Mr. Hardy achieving such a degree of restlessness that a motor-car blew him up, and he made his last bow covered with soot and dust. Many comedians go in for this at their first entrance.

Queer Fish is all about a man named Hagen, who, unlike the Hagen in the first act of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, is given to flirtations with cabaret dancers, although he is a married man. He has a friend, a young man who says "absol*ute*ly" instead of "yes," and with the help of a valet the pair of them set about bamboozling the wife's family. This leads them into complications so difficult to comprehend that a cross-word puzzle in Russian would probably be an easier task for the average member of a London audience. Why must farces be so complicated? The really funny farces are simple, and that is partly why we laugh at them. Directly one has to start worrying what it is all about, why somebody should have the stolen pearls in his pocket, and why Mr. Clarke-Smith should suddenly speak with a German accent and bring out a revolver, the incentive to laugh, if it has ever existed, vanishes at once.

Mr. Denys Blakelock is a good farce actor. He does not overdo things, and he is serious—which is the secret of playing in farce. Miss Margaret Scudamore was as grim and ogreish a hen as ever pecked a timorous husband.

"Take a Chance."

Miss Marion Lorne is in herself an all-sufficient entertainment. One can watch her, as one watched the late Sir Charles Hawtrey (how delightful they were together in *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure!*), being perfectly charming in act after act of—it doesn't very much matter what play. She is always herself, and it is always an entrancing self. She changes as little as Miss Compton used to change, and is as invaluable an asset to her dramatist husband, Mr. Walter Hackett, as Miss Compton was to *her* dramatist husband, Mr. R. C. Carton. Enviable is the lot of any man with an amusing wife. A thousandfold more enviable is the lot of a dramatist with an amusing wife who is also a first-rate actress. I can think of no greater fun than writing plays round one's wife and waiting for the royalties to roll in. In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Hackett there is no waiting in vain. If ever a dramatist lived who did not take a chance, that man is Mr. Hackett. So perhaps that is why, with a slow smile up his sleeve, he has called his latest effort *Take a Chance*. I can hardly believe the story that he spent a month thinking out that title.

Take a Chance is nearly all Miss Lorne. It is the most episodic of plays and appears to have little continuity of plot but to have been devised with the object of letting Miss Lorne be her familiar self in unfamiliar surroundings. If there is no invention in it quite so happy as that in the last Hackett-Lorne play, when she was a Society journalist on the look-out for "pars" with a social tone and getting them all wrong, it is worth many a journey to the Whitehall Theatre to see her getting into an adorable muddle with a cash-register, making a lovable mess of running a petrol station, trying to outwit a detective, and generally doing nothing at all that is really effective but everything that goes to make an effective entertainment. Even the very broadest of fun (for Mr. Hackett here adopts for a moment the methods of a Fred Karno sketch and glues the detective to the seat of the chair by the seat of his trousers) becomes tinged with that hesitating, bewildered, and triumphantly cheerful personality which the Hackett-Lorne combination knows so well how to exploit. I fancy there is more skill in the construction of *Take a Chance* than appears at first sight. The impression of a haphazard putting together of amusing occurrences, as novel as maybe, wears off after a while. This story of Miss Lorne's winning a ticket in the Irish Sweep, and of a hero who must blow his brains out unless the horse wins, is not one of Mr. Hackett's best. But 'twill serve well enough. Its main fault is that the element of suspense is lacking. We cannot get very excited as to the prospects of that horse winning, for we know that Miss Lorne holds the ticket. We know that the hero will not blow his brains out, for this is a merry little piece, and Mr. Hackett does not let other people blow their brains out in his merry little pieces; he blows his own brains into them instead.

The racing lingo I found at times a little perplexing, but only because I am a babe in such matters, and when characters start talking about odds and the field and bar one and so forth, a play promptly becomes a good deal less intelligible to me than Greek. *Maxima mea culpa*. But Mr. Hackett has only to look at race trains and the charabancs bound for the Derby (when *Take a Chance* is quite likely still to be running) to take heart—if ever he loses heart, which is very doubtful. If I could write plays for Miss Lorne I would never lose heart about anything.

There is no tail to the team, and all the acting is good. Mr. Hugh Wakefield, who was with Miss Lorne in *77, Park Lane*, now rejoins her, and that is all to the good. Someone once said that nobody could be quite so wise as Mr. Gladstone looked. I do not think anybody could be quite so "correct" as Mr. Wakefield seems. His demeanour is paralysingly perfect. But he manages almost to live down the monocle and to let us realize that he is a good light comedian with a happy knack of making stage intoxication inoffensive. He is not in the least like a detective. But there again I may be wrong, for as yet I have, happily, had no experience of realizing what a detective really is like. To be asked to buy a ticket for the police sports is a sufficient shock to the system.

Miss Barbara Hoffe, Mr. Ian Hunter, and Mr. Francis Lister move ably, though a trifle colourlessly, through the play, since it seems that Mr. Hackett has expended all his paint on his two principal characters.

A DOUBLE CENTURY: Miss Celia Johnson (who is taking Miss Madeleine Carroll's part), Mr. Aubrey Mather, and Miss Lillian Braithwaite in After All, *by John van Druten, at the Criterion, which has completed 200 performances*

Janet Jevons

THE LEADING LADY AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Miss Jane Baxter, who has had many successes in the Basil Foster comedies at this theatre, bids fair to repeat them in The Midship Maid

MISS EVELYN HERBERT, who is making her debut in England as prima donna in Waltzes from Vienna, *a new musical play to be produced by Hassard Short for Sir Oswald Stoll at the Alhambra next week*

The PROVINCES of ENGLAND

August Pictures from the Countryside

FIGHTING HOP DISEASE IN KENT: A new type of machine has been used this year at Beltering, near Paddock Wood, to counter the prevalent hop disease. Men are working day and night to get all the plants sprayed

A DEAD STAG FRIGHTENS LIVE HORSES: A ten-pointer red deer died of exhaustion, near Aberdeen, after being chased off the railway by a Deeside train. It careered over fields and jumped garden walls before collapsing, to the concern of other livestock, and dying in a farmyard

SHEETS IN EMBRYO: A general view of the flax harvest in the Royal fields at Sandringham. The yield is to be sent to Ireland, where it will be woven into household linen for the Royal Family

RAIN DELAYS THE HARVEST: A visitor to North Devon regards a field of stacked corn. The heavy rain has hampered the gathering of the crops and the stooks are left standing until the sun dries them sufficiently to be loaded and carted away. If they are packed wet, they rot

IRENE AND TWO FRIENDS: A small visitor to the Tring Agricultural Show clutches a Teddy Bear with one hand while she strokes Lockinge Abbess, a Royal entry which took third prize in the Shire Horse Class at the eighty-seventh annual show of the Tring Agricultural Society, held at Tring Park, Herts, a few days ago

BOOKS to KEEP and BOOKS to READ

A Saga of Adventure and a Successor to Elizabeth Browning

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

This week I have passed through an ordeal which has been postponed again and again through sentimental weakness. A prospective change of residence has necessitated an overhauling of the library with a view to restricting it within the limits of a country cottage. The question has often been asked, if you were marooned on a South Sea island and your library was limited to half-a-dozen books, what would their titles be? Excluding the Bible, which good form, if not personal predilection, would nominate as the first choice—and all lovers of good prose are agreed that for this reason alone the Authorized Version could not be omitted from the list—there would be little conformity shown. I have always been curious to know what books composed Stevenson's library at Vailima, and I am still more curious concerning Gibbon's library in his retreat at Lausanne. The libraries of literary men are not always a sure indication of their tastes. If they are a reviewer's there are books retained out of sheer laziness, awaiting that oft-postponed day when pressure for space upon the shelves evicts them. Bad books, like old safety-razor blades, are difficult to dispose of; one must be a callous fellow to consign them to the dust-bin. The flimsiness of modern bindings does not permit one to convert them into cigarette boxes and such utilitarian articles, as is the fashion with ancient leather-bound tomes.

I have not yet forgotten my reluctance to lodge my toothbrush in a bored copy, magnificently bound, of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. It was in the same house that I was offered peppermint creams out of a calf-bound edition of Bousset's *Sermons*. The library of the late Arnold Bennett, recently offered for sale, revealed another form of augmentation; there are the books presented to one bearing inscriptions from their authors. Many of these books may be valuable, some of them will certainly be rubbish, and yet no one, however callous, can dispose of these without self-reproach. Death, of course, excuses dissolution, but the living author who disposes of presentation copies from his fellow authors is rightly regarded with disapproval, yet a time comes when the burden of these copies constitutes a grave problem. Should one resolutely tear out the inscribed page and call in the second-hand dealer, and where do all the dead books vanish to, those thousands upon thousands of first novels and cheap reprints? One rarely sees a dead bird, since Nature in her marvellous dispensation brings into play her vast scavenging corps, but I have never heard it claimed that bookworms, as known to the entomologist, and not to the assistants of the circulating library, consume books. Yet somehow they vanish.

I have to confess I have kept a book in an honoured position upon my shelves owing to its cheerful aspect and its contribution to the colour scheme of the room. Of late, publishers have been very enterprising in their bindings. A friend remonstrated with me for retaining the wrappers of many of my books, and when I pleaded that this was for cheerfulness and not preservation, he informed me that he had brightened his own bookshelves considerably by cellophaning his books. When I asked whatever this could be he then revealed his ingenious treatment of his library. Cellophane is a transparent, gelatine-like paper which has hitherto been used chiefly for wrapping up chocolate boxes. It has the merit of revealing the title and beauty of the binding while acting as a preserver from dust and finger-markings, and it is a great boon to those who, like myself, dislike glass-fronted bookcases.

With the proximity to-day of excellent lending libraries the necessity of an extensive personal library has passed. Experience has taught me to retain practically no fiction. Little of it is worth keeping, and good fiction, that is, fiction good enough to survive, can always be obtained in beautiful small reprints. An examination of my shelves reveals a weakness for dictionaries. I know of no more fascinating pastime than reading through a dictionary. Words, like coins, lose their milling in usage. If I may borrow a motor-car simile, one's brain after long journeys in the world of letters needs "decarbonizing," and "the valves grinding in." I have noticed in the prolific journalism of to-day many instances of excessive word-consumption to the thought-mileage. What, for instance, can one make of the much-advertised commendation of a critic who wrote: "Only a half-wit could be bored by this book"? Does he mean that a quarter-wit would be less bored or a whole-wit entertained? I recall the late Lord Balfour's scathing retort to a tedious gentleman, "If you were twice as clever as you think you are you would still remain a half-wit." That reveals a nice etymological as well as mathematical appreciation of words.

I could not consider a library efficient without the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, although to-day it is almost the *Encyclopædia Americana*. The poets, of course, must be present in full order, from Chaucer to Flecker and Sassoon. The excellent Herr Baedeker, with his infallible impartiality upon innkeepers and scenery, monopolizes a complete shelf of my library. I have only one serious complaint against Herr Baedeker, and that is his obsession with the opinions of Mr. Ruskin, who was so often so emphatically wrong. In how many cities are we not informed that he has seen the world's very best or very worst picture or building? In conjunction with a Continental time-table many thrilling evenings have I spent travelling with Herr Baedeker, who has paid all my expenses, shown me the chief sights in his methodical, "starry" manner, and directed me to an hotel of the first or second class, "highly recommended, table good." Herr Baedeker will be the last person evicted from my library.

Nor will I part with association books. By this I mean those books associated with me in commemoration of some place or event. There is a little copy of Kipling's *Just So Stories*. On the flyleaf under my name is the date, "Mons, November 18, 1918." What a vivid scene that inscription recalls! It was bought in a Belgian bookshop half an hour after I had seen the Canadian Black Watch marching into the Grand Place, while they stood to attention while the acclamation of a delivered people rang over their heads. I have cultivated this little habit of annotating my book purchases with time and place. Thus they recall most vividly the beds in foreign hotels and pensions, the mountains, woods, and lakes, the tropical, sub-tropical, or arctic temperature in which they were first read. Sometimes they fitted the scene, as when I read Cellini's memoirs in the Palazzo wherein he laboured, or Rousseau's *Confessions* in a boat tethered to that Ile-des-Peupliers at Ermenonville, where he was first buried.

A little book amid this week's contingent has interested me because it reveals how obscure a writer may remain in this age of the groaning printing-press. I have to confess I have never heard of Mrs. Fay Inchfawn, yet I find, on reference to the wrapper of her last book, *The Journal of a Tent Dweller* (R. T. S. 3s. 6d. net.), that one small book of verses by her has sold 50,000 copies and another 30,000, a considerable achievement in an age when any poet who can sell 200 copies of his poems considers himself successful. The reason of Mrs. Inchfawn's success is not difficult to find. In her new book she reveals a mind tranquil with faith and a sensitiveness to the minor beauties of commonplace life. Thus she is able to invest the everyday act of seeking a new house, making a garden, and enduring the successive disappointments of a long illness with an interest and suspense that are at the root of all good writing. Even one who does not possess her complete serenity in the higher ordering of life's plan cannot fail to be impressed by this diary of difficult days, so calmly and acutely recorded, so human and humorous and comforting in its philosophy. In short, Mrs. Inchfawn presents a personality such as we feel reflected in the lives of such unconquerable invalids as Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti.

I picked up a formidable-looking book entitled *Through the Dragon's Eyes*, by L. C. Arlington (Constable. 21s.), with some misgiving. Mr. Arlington is a retired commissioner of the Chinese Postal Service. Here, I suspected, was one of those pedestrian, stodgy accounts of the retired official whose reminiscences are often so garrulous. Certainly, this book runs to great length, but I had not read the first three pages before I became conscious of a life of singular and almost incredible vicissitudes. Before the age of twenty Mr. Arlington had completed an Odyssey. In his birth he found that singularity which followed him throughout life. Born in San Francisco, his father was an Englishman born in Spain, his mother was half-French and half-Irish, born in Strasbourg. He was a child during the California Gold Rush, and his first memory at five was the lifeless bodies hanging from the upper windows of a vigilance committee's premises. At fourteen he set out on a trek to New Mexico, a distance of 1,000 miles on foot, lived with naked Indians in their huts, fell in with Apaches on the war-path, and became a cowboy on the plains of Mexico.

At sixteen he was put on board a San Francisco training ship, along with 450 other wretched victims, who, every morning, were paraded naked and washed down with a hose. Flogging with a cat-o'-nine-tails was a daily event, and the brutality of this ship seems to belong more to the days of Nelson than to the 'seventies. After a year of this training he was shanghaied, went with a whaler to the Hawaiian Islands, rounded the Horn, was in a mutiny, visited Europe, spent fourteen days in a German gaol, returned to a Mexican ranch, again took ship, landed at Vladivostok, was arrested as an English spy, and finally, falling in with some Russians and Mongols who were *en route* to Peking, arrived at Tientsin, where he joined the Chinese navy. He had then just passed his twentieth year! This saga is narrated in a preface, as a negligible preliminary to the main story. The book proper is equal in astonishment and interest. He was engaged by the famous Li Hung Chang to train the Chinese navy. Tragedy and comedy mingle in this Gilbertian episode. It transpires that the great wealth of the famous Chinese statesman was founded on the possession of most of the pawnshops in China. The statesman who so impressed London by his astuteness and dignity was once caught out, it seems, by a notorious Court eunuch, reputed to be his brother. He found Li Hung Chang without permission in the Palace gardens. His Excellency had been sent for by the Empress, but this was of no avail. He was fined 1,000,000 dollars, and the whole thing being a put-up job, the fine was divided between the Empress and the eunuch.

Mr. Arlington was involved in the Franco-Chinese naval war, a fiasco resulting in ignominy to the Chinese and no honour of conquest to the French? Thereafter bereft of pay and clothes, but with a useless decoration, he joined the Chinese Maritime Customs. After several years of this experience he passed into the Postal Service, in which he was employed until 1930. Chaos has now fallen upon China, and his account of work with the Famine Relief Commission presents an appalling picture of a dismembered nation. Mr. Arlington writes with so much experience, sound judgment, humour, and sympathy, together with a vast knowledge of the social and political problems of the Celestial Empire, that not a single page of his long narrative fails to grip the reader's attention. This admirable book is illustrated with a number of colour plates depicting the ingenious refinements of Chinese torture, which is not yet a finished chapter in that nation's history.

Mr. S. M. Ellis, who gave us that delightful life of Michael Kelly the impresario, has now turned his attention to Charles Kingsley's brother. He calls his new book *Henry Kingsley: Towards a Vindication* (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.). Few can recall this obscure novelist, and fewer care about his vindication from a charge of drunkenness; this ill-destined, unhappy man quickly lapsed into obscurity, and not many will agree with Mr. Ellis in thinking that he exhibited a genius meriting a memorial volume. As with all of Mr. Ellis's work, the task is completely performed, but the materials are of scanty interest.

In *Kyra, My Sister*, the Roumanian novelist, Panait Istrati, wrote a story of crude vigour. His formlessness was mitigated by a vivid conception, but in his new book, *Balkan Tavern* (Toulmin. 7s. 6d.), a chaotic narrative of boorish bestiality never achieves distinction either of style or subject. Istrati confuses an almost illiterate coarseness with realism, and a symbolism is inferred that never succeeds in emerging from chaos.

Recommended List:

The 16th Foot, *by Major-General Sir F. Maurice* **(Constable. 5s. net).**—General the Earl of Cavan, the Colonel of the Regiment, has contributed a Foreword to this admirable history of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment—a body which has upheld the high traditions for gallantry for which the British Army is noted for 250 years.

Gordon Craig and the Theatre, *by Enid Rose* **(Sampson, Low. 12s. 6d. net).**—A high tribute, written with insight, care, and feeling, of the man who has done more for dramatic production than, perhaps, any other figure in the theatres of the world.

An Army with Banners, *by Vera Kingston* **(Sampson, Low. 12s. 6d. net).**—A history, to quote the words of the Bishop of St. Albans in the Foreword, "as wide as the world and as long as the Christian era." The volume is a selection of missionary adventures which should be read both by those who support and those who condemn foreign proselytisation.

Africa from Port to Port, *by M. Mott Smith* **(Shaylor. 21s. net).**—The record of the sights seen and the stories heard on a voyage round the Continent of Africa. Here is information, presented with interest; adventure with humour. Miss Mott Smith has a knack of seizing on the vital point.

The Pageant of Transport Through the Ages, *by W. H. Boulton* **(Sampson Low. 12s. 6d. net).**—Sir Josiah Stamp has contributed a Foreword to this fascinating volume which synthesises the histories, co-relating. The various types of world transport, from the panniered donkey and the slothful barge to the seaplane and the racing motor-car. A book for all ages.

AT THE SEASIDE

Any Wet Day This August

By A SUFFERER

There is something cataclysmic about a wet day at the seaside during the summer holidays, in spite of the fact that cataclysms don't occur every two or three days—which futile train of thought concluded, I make for the beach, one of a handful of optimists who are putting up their tents on the slippery pebbles; we crawl inside to smoke and read, hoping for the most transient gleam of sunshine, our Jantzens tethered to hooks above our heads ready for immediate adventure.

Gone are the golden-brown water-babies of yesterday, digging and building so gravely, their little beach pants twinkling like multi-coloured flowers in the sun; gone the bathing belles and beaux; gone is the beautifully-built, mahogany-coloured Frenchman who dabbles his toes in the ripples, shivers, and shouts "Miséricorde! il fait froid," while he semaphores his anguish to the beach in general, and having achieved an audience he dives gracefully into the waves and is soon a speck swimming powerfully out to sea. But not gone is the ex-naval ice-cream man, surprising product of twelve years' service including the battle of Jutland; the thin wail of his voice is only a beach away—"Ices, lovely ices!" he calls hopefully. Having paid £100 for the right to drag his heavy pail to and fro during the season, he must somehow persuade people it's ices they want. "Ice, sir?" says he, peering through the dripping flap of my tent, but I am in no mood for dalliance. "Hot coffee," say I, sternly, returning to my book; he gives me a look of gentle reproach and swings off. Ten minutes later he renews the attack. "Lovely ices! sir," says he. "Hot-dogs," grunt I, and with a thoughtful sigh he proceeds through the rain—I fail to note a gleam of resolution in his eye.

Behind my tent, their owners hidden under a dripping umbrella, I hear two young voices discussing the situation. Their days are pathetically precious, and her ideas of what is correct have a tendency that way too. She is hinting that there is a concert of semi-classical music advertised, or elsewhere a travel film; his response is unconvincing; after a moment's tension I catch the words, "Amusement Park," apologetically uttered in a gruff voice. This time there is no response, unconvincing or otherwise; she must be squeezing his arm, and she is certainly smiling. As they splash off in an easterly direction I gather they are going to tap all sources, for her clear voice and his gruff one are flinging on the chilly wind ideas about midget golf and the woggling motor-cars that refuse to be steered; and while they forget the rain on roundabouts and at rifle booths, more gilded youth is hard at it on squash courts or on the indoor tennis courts where all superfluous energy may be shed.

Those whose blood stirs with the adventurous spirit of the Elizabethans will hie them to the pier and climb the gangway of a Channel steamer; for a few shillings all the thrills of pulling away from a mainland will be theirs, they may get a close-up of a huge east-bound liner . . . foam and green glassy hollows theirs for the watching, theirs the anticipation of a French omelet and the study of French rain on French roofs, the possibility of remuneration at the Casino, and—if the Channel blows up choppy—the probability of relinquishing that glorious omelette on the return journey.

On a wet day the cliffs smell sweeter, the drenched mallows are a deeper mauve, and the wild carrot and yellow mustard plants are dripping with diamonds of the first water. On a wet day there are the cinemas, inevitable bolt-holes of the bored; but better value is the great White Hall built on the cliff, where music of wide range is played while the rain-bound sip coffee, cocktails, and long drinks, and watch the Channel traffic going about its business. Here the seekers after light may listen to lectures during the week, and here—oh! wily councillors—comic relief frequently occurs on Sundays, when one of the great brotherhood of comic entertainers holds the platform. A bus ride of a few miles across the high cliffs is another of the major adventures, for at the end of it stands a medieval fortress where the oldest masonry in Britain is to be seen, where even untipped the custodian will drop paraffin flares down the maw of the blackest oubliette.

In the opposite direction is the castle where the murder of a twelfth-century prelate was plotted, and not so many miles away the grey pile of a cathedral is looming through the rain where that plot was carried out. When medievalism palls, a bus will rattle you across the centuries and deposit you at the Continental departure hangar of a famous aerodrome, or down on the marshes (and by now the interested may have traced the seaside town under review to its special dot on the map); five shillingsworth of flight is for sale. Oh! shades of the fairy flit, where in the world are they now?

The rain is silver no longer, it is falling in tenuous golden strands, and a torrid sun is climbing above bands of purple thundercloud. Cotton frocks and flannel trousers are streaming down the cliff paths to the sea. Long rows of tents are rising like gaily-painted mushroom cities.

It is swelteringly hot; I sit at my tent door waiting for the psychological moment to plunge into the sea. "Ices, lovely ices!" floats across the air from the next beach. This once I long for an ice.

The ex-naval man strides nearer with his heavy pail; he pauses beside me. "An ice," say I—he makes no reply, but as he disappears amongst the tents I notice a small parcel at my feet. My heart sinks. "Ices, lovely ices!" his voice wavers coolly along the canvas aisles. A sultry breeze separates the wrappings of my parcel and displays to the glaring August sun the hottest of "Hot-dogs" nestling in the folds of yesterday's *Daily Mail*.

"Miséricorde!" wails the Frenchman from the ripples. I cap his lament tersely and with British vehemence.

M. M. P.

BRIGHTON: *A fine drizzling rain has driven everyone from the beach except these two determined fresh-air devotees who watch the grey sea breaking on the pebbly beach*

SCARBOROUGH: *Mountainous seas have broken over the lower front at this popular Yorkshire seaside resort. The roadway has been quite impassable when the storms have been at their height*

BRIGHTON: *Adventurous visitors have risked a soaking from the clouds of heavy spray which have again and again been breaking over the sea front of popular London-by-the-sea*

MARGATE: *Chilly seas have not deterred these hardy surf bathers from their morning plunge at this well-known Thanet resort and there are always the harbour and cinemas to distract one*

TYNEMOUTH: *The East Coast has in most places been experiencing some very rough weather. At Tynemouth huge seas have crashed up against the stone piers*

SCARBOROUGH: *In spite of the high wind and rain, groups of visitors have braved the elements in order to watch the crashing splendours of the sea at close hand*

DOVER: *High winds have driven the sea against the landward end of Admiralty Pier with tremendous vigour, frequently cutting off spectators from return to the shore*

HAIL IN AUGUST: *Windstorms on the seashore have had their complement of hailstorms inland and during last week-end there fell at Hatfield hailstones to the depth of two feet*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Brightening a London House

Lady Lindsay-Hogg's Clever Treatment of a Nineteenth-Century London House

The problem of bringing light and colour and modernity into a typical London house of the nineteenth century is no easy task. It has, however, been very successfully grappled with by Lady Lindsay-Hogg, formerly Miss Frances Doble, who is as clever at interior decorating as she is talented as an actress.

In her London house near Sloane Square she had this difficult problem to deal with, and she has dealt with it brilliantly. There has been little, if any actual reconstruction: the effect has been achieved by using clear light walls and gay chintzes and soft, unusual lighting. By keeping each room as clear of furniture as possible, Lady Lindsay-Hogg has given full value to the beauty of each piece. The furniture includes some particularly lovely eighteenth century chairs and sideboards which gain much from their intelligent setting.

The dining-room has some exquisite Hepplewhite chairs whose mahogany has mellowed to the tone of old brown sherry. The colour of these and of a beautiful curved Sheraton sideboard is admirably set off by plain lime-green walls and plain terra-cotta velvet curtains. Two old rum jars in puce and white china strike an amusing note of colour.

One of the living-rooms is a small study and for this Lady Lindsay-Hogg found some delightful French chintzes, eggshell blue, with a pattern of racehorses in sepia. Apple-green walls make a good background for some old sporting prints, and a beige carpet and beige velvet curtains complete the scheme.

THE LANDING: Café-au-lait walls with a softly shining surface reflect the clever lighting and give a sense of light and space, increased by a large plain mirror over the fireplace

THE BATHROOM: The very original bathroom shows a black bath and basin and apple-green walls. The carpet is green and the curtains scarlet American cloth

The drawing-room is a delightful blending of eighteenth century and twentieth, at once formal and gay. The panelled walls are painted café-au-lait, and sconces with crystal drops hold pairs of candles which shed a soft light. Lady Lindsay-Hogg is aware of the charm of wall-lighting; nowhere in the house, I think, is there a centre light, but there are dozens of amusing portable lamps. In the drawing-room she uses three different chintzes, all in subdued colours and related to each other by a sort of general fitness. This is excellent in a large room, where yards and yards of the same chintz are apt to become very tiring to the eye. The soft greens and beiges and sepias of the chintzes bring out the tender orange and green and pearly tints of a particularly lovely Persian carpet.

DECORATION OF THE SMALL STUDY ROOM: Apple-green walls make a good background for sporting prints and amusing chintzes cover the chairs. Note the interesting modernized fireplace

The principal bedroom has some excellent modern curtains designed by Allen Walton specially for this house. Their dull tomato and green pattern on a silvery ground is a perfect setting for the chatelaine's dark beauty. Here, too, the apparent size of the room has been doubled by the clever insertion of a panel of looking-glass in an arched recess.

The bathroom sounds a note of frank modernity. Bath and basin are black, the walls are bright apple-green, the linoleum is black, and there are scarlet American cloth curtains.

The whole house shows great wit and adaptability and is a delightful example of how to reconcile the old with the new to the advantage of both.

Antonia White

The House with Interchangeable Walls

This house was built in 1930. Its internal and external walls respectively are interchangeable. The only rigid parts are the body, which consists of reinforced concrete, and the brickwork, the floors, and ceilings, and the wall supporting the structure.

The skeleton of the house may be compared with a beehive. Honeycombs of the size of one flat open in the front and the rear. Only the partitions are screwed to the frame and are movable and interchangeable. Moveable partitions alone, however, would not be sufficient to enable the changing over from one layout of the compartment to another.

Only to quote an instance. Windows or doors are not suitable where the internal partitions come into contact with the external wall. The internal partitions must be fixed to the portion between a door and a window or to a solid part of the wall. On changing the layout, in a few cases, windows can remain in the ordinary position, and the same applies to the doors.

In whatever manner the layout would be altered, at any rate, the walls, doors, and windows must be thus arranged, that the furniture can be adequately fitted in. Where the external walls are rigid the number of possible layouts would be very limited.

The external walls of this house, therefore, consist of panels of a uniform width of 3 ft. 6 in. They are either totally closed or contain a window or door frame or, as the case may be, for instance, drying lofts, say, containing louvres. In other cases they are glazed or carry flower-stands, etc.

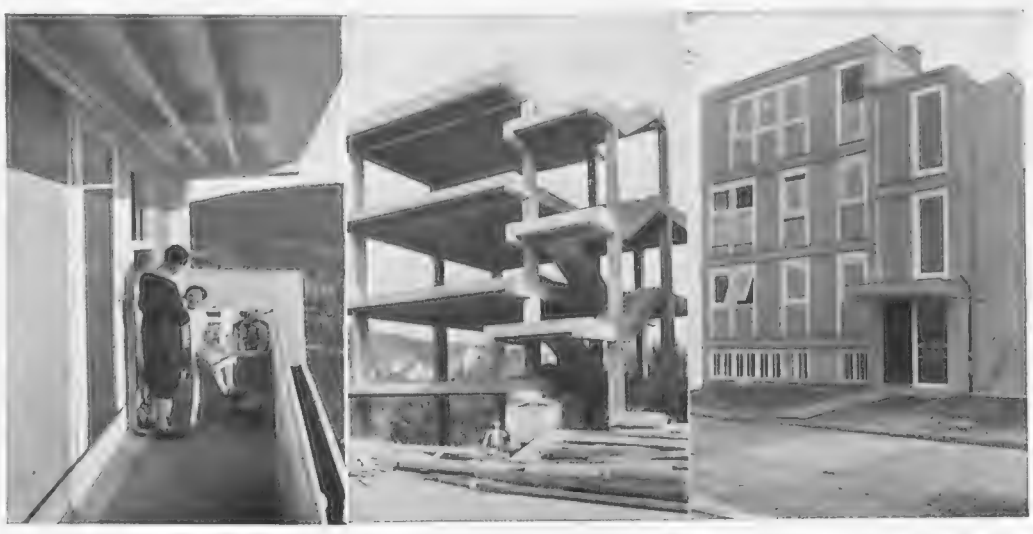
The glazed panels consist of a wooden frame the interior of which is filled with peat soil, cork dust or saw dust, or any other materials which are good insulators against sound, etc.

The internal partitions are covered on both sides with plywood or special compressed paper, and the external walls are identical on the inside, whilst the outside consists of asbestos sheets. The window units up to the sill are of the same construction as the external walls, but the frame extends to the full height. In the house on the enclosed illustration, all windows slide on the outside. At their full height they can be tilted in the same manner as is used for shutters on the Continent. To these windows lateen blinds can be fitted on the outside. Alternatively, for secondary rooms windows with two-hinged lights of the simplest type are used.

The doors which lead to the balcony are glazed.

The method of construction affords the possibility of sub-dividing the flats in any way desired as the tenant may require.

A married couple without children require another type of lodging other than a family with two or three children. A physician who practises in his flat requires another apartment than the Government Official.



THE VERANDAH This communicates with the interior by glazed doors

THE SKELETON: This is constructed in reinforced concrete

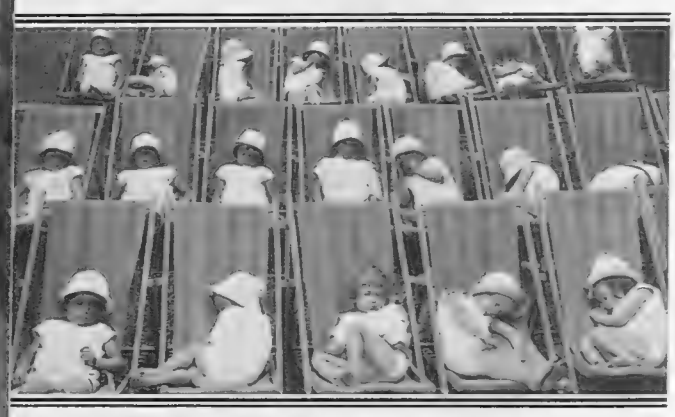
THE HOUSE WITH REVERSIBLE WALLS: The finished house

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A CHIC BRIDESMAID'S GOWN: This flouer frock is executed in flowered organdie with scallopped tiers. The gloves are of the new tisle mesh

Hay Wrightson

THE SISTER OF THE BOXING MARQUESS: Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and her baby daughter, Jane Mairi Margaret. The wedding of Lady Margaret, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, was one of the great social events of 1930



SHUT-EYE ON DECK—CHAIRS! Poor children of Paris at the open-air Pantin School in the country environs of the capital. They sleep in the open on camp beds

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Marquess of Reading and his chief of staff, Miss Stella Charnaud, who were married last week at Hanover Square Register Office

AT A SUSSEX WEDDING: Mrs. de Boulay, Miss de Boulay, and Mrs. Collins at the wedding at Balcombe of the Hon. Judith Denman and Mr. Walter Burrel. The bride had neither bridesmaids nor pages

A DEBUTANTE OF 1931: Miss Maureen Gordon, the pretty daughter of Mr. Charles Gordon of Boveridge, Salisbury

AT THE BICENTENARY YEAR OF THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, with the cup-winning three-year-old, Sir Francis

HILLS and MOUNTAINS

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE GREY MARE'S TAIL: The famous waterfall on the Birkhill Pass, near Moffat, one of the loveliest districts of the Border Country

WHEN DAWN BREAKS OVER THE HILLS: Daybreak on Loch Etive. This is one of the loveliest of the lochs, even in Argyll, that county of beauty with its indented coastline and its almost Norwegian fjords

LOCH CALLATER: Here motorists must leave their cars and go on Shank's Mare to the famous beauty spot of Lochnagar, Aberdeen

SCOTLAND Gun, rifle, and rod are away to the hills with the coming of the Shooting Season—and even those who are not in search of *le sport* can rejoice in glorious scenery, purple heather, mighty mountains, and pellucid lochs

To Scotland in August.—*Sportsmen bound for the Scottish moors are finding the new railway rates for motor cars very attractive; by an arrangement introduced just before the August holiday, holders of two return tickets can take their car with them for 3d. per mile on the outward journey and 1½d. per mile on the return, and it is rapidly becoming a common practice for motorists to travel by sleeping car to Edinburgh or Aberdeen and thence start their tour by road. The tedium of the Great North Road is thus avoided. So popular has the new arrangement proved that the L.N.E.R. have run four special trains for motor cars only in preparation for the "Glorious Twelfth." Work on three (of a set of ten) third-class sleeping cars under construction was pushed forward to provide additional berths*

(For particulars of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau see page 263)

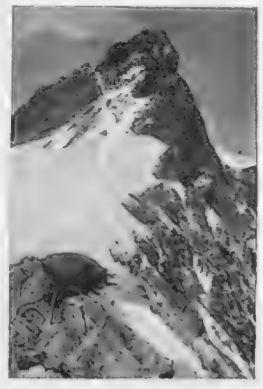
A NOTABLE ASCENT

By an Expert Alpinist

The Rothorn, which was conquered in August, 1864, by Leslie Stephen, F. C. Crawfurd Grove, and the guides, Melchior and Jacob Anderegg, was my next objective. I wrote, you will remember, of the Matterhorn in THE SPHERE of August 1.

One evening when the weather did not look very hopeful I told the concierge of my hotel to knock at the door of my room at 2 o'clock the next morning. He pulled a long face because, from his point of view, the weather was quite doubtful. Concierges are an accommodating race whose conversational readiness and courtesy deserve admiration; but when they consider it their solemn duty to give a mountain climber advice and they wish to play the rôle of meteorologist or botanist one is sorry for the smart uniform they are called upon to wear. However, this one knocked at my door punctually at 2 a.m. and would not move from the threshold until he understood that I had heard him, whereupon he whispered through the key-hole that the weather had improved considerably and that I could climb the Rothorn without fear.

The first stage passes through the Triftschlucht (ravine of the Trift) up to the inn of the same name; there we took a second substantial breakfast and then attacked the Zinal Rothorn, well known in climbing circles. In the meantime the day had fully dawned, and the surrounding mountains the Obergabelhorn and the Untergabelhorn—already reared their proud heads into the early morning. Last year's snow on the Breithorn was also touched with the morning glory. The sun does not appear to favour the great ones first, because the Lyskamm only showed up some time after the Breithorn, then Monte Rosa and the Rimfischhorn. Suddenly the Matterhorn appeared next to the Gabelhorn, with its arrogant peak soaring to the heavens.



THE ROTHORN

As in the case of most of the High Alps, the ascent of the Rothorn commences with an uninteresting moraine; the passage of this occupies 1½ hours, and terminates where the Rothorn and Trift glaciers meet. A landslide and two snow slopes are negotiated successfully without great effort, and from here the peak has an imposing appearance. All faintheartedness must be put aside, but after a while one is on better terms with the snow and ice, and can look down calmly on the glacier fields to right and left, as though half one's life had been spent on ridges of this kind. The passage which affords the further ascent is not difficult to negotiate, but on the other hand not entirely safe from falling rocks. My colleague from Zermatt drew my attention to this objective danger, which is limited to the extent that the ascent is made over the slopes principally on the left edge of the passage. The elongated north-west ridge is reached in a gap—the so-called "col"—where we rested for half-an-hour, lunched and contemplated the mysteries of the surrounding world of peaks. Then we attacked our own objective, where it is a question of crawling cat-like up the gneiss of the Red Horn, although there is nothing red to be seen. One climbs up the west side of the crest, high above the Glacier du Mountet to the Biner Slabs, where in 1894 the Zermatt guide, Biner, fell on to the glacier, 600 ft. below, owing to a piece of rock breaking away. The cleft which permits the crossing of these slabs was covered with ice, and the greatest care was therefore necessary.

The apex of the peak was already beckoning us, but there was still an eerie obstacle to surmount, the so-called "Kanzel" (pulpit), which must be negotiated by means of a narrow ledge. Here, for a bit, one must imitate the cat-burglars, but the feat is accomplished in half-a-minute, and the haughty pinnacle is won.

The ascent from the Trift Hotel to the Zinal Rothorn, 13,855 ft. high, had taken five hours. Here, the landscape far and wide, valley and mountain, Alps greater and lesser, important and modest, 14,000 footers of world repute and 10,000 footers of tripper significance—all stood in review. To the far west was the imperious ocean of peaks round about Mont Blanc; to the north the Bernese Oberland; in the immediate vicinity the bold Matterhorn, the elegant Dent Blanche, the massive Monte Rosa and the seductively fair Weisshorn. On the peak of the Rothorn, where I stood almost shoulder to shoulder with the Weisshorn, I was rapt in the contemplation of that beautiful mountain, and then I understood why Professor Tyndall never tired of praising the Weisshorn.

But in the High Alps one cannot afford to delay by indulging in poetical contemplations; we had to descend and were back at Trift by 1.45 p.m., having been 8½ hours on our journey.

Walter Schmidt

On the Road to Mandalay . . .

EVENTS IN AUGUST.

CONCERT.—Band of the Royal Grenadier Guards.

NAUTICAL FÊTE.—At night on the Lake.

ATHLETIC FÊTE.—Native Contests — Africans, Senegalese, Malgaches, etc.

GRAND FANTASIA.—Gymkhana with the Spahis Regiments.

NIGHT FÊTE.—Firework Display.

FÊTE.—Colonial Cyclists' Races.

WEST INDIAN DAY.—Celebration of the Old Colonies.

WEST INDIAN NIGHT.—Music and Dances of the Old Colonies.

Dorland

sang Kipling. And the well-known words echo in your heart as you find yourself in the midst of exotic surroundings that might be the setting of the romance he pictured.

You, too, hear "the East a-callin'" like the nostalgic British soldier, but you do not have to "ship somewheres east of Suez" for "the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple-bells." You will find them here in Europe—just as they are in the glamorous Orient . . . at the great International Colonial Exhibition in Paris.

Here, you can sit in the shade of a pagoda, hear temple bells ringing, wander in eastern markets, watch lithe, lovely yellow girls dance in a native ballet . . .

The many eastern exhibits are only part of the immense collection of reproductions at the Exhibition. And then, have you ever been to Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, the French West Indies, New Hebrides, Guiana? All these and many other places are superbly reproduced at Vincennes and are amazing millions of visitors.

Most people are spending the whole of their holidays in France to visit this colonial cosmos day after day. Many are including a trip to the Exhibition in their holiday plans. If you have not arranged this trip as part of your vacation, then run over to Paris for a week-end—you will be able to see a great deal of this magnificent spectacle. Besides the famed French cuisine, you can taste exotic foods, see unusual sights, learn many interesting facts of France's great colonies, and revel in the glamorous mystery which is the East.

All travel bureaux will give you full information. The Exhibition is open until October. Do not miss the opportunity of seeing this unique spectacle.

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

CONCERNING GADGETS.—Quite a lot of discussion has recently been taking place in motoring circles as to whether certain devices fixed to, or in, the induction system of an engine really give beneficial results. Only the other day the secretary of a well-known motor club told me quite seriously that after driving his car with a certain gadget fitted his petrol consumption was decreased by 10 per cent., his acceleration was improved, but his all-out speed had dropped by 5 per cent. His case is not unusual, for I have often come across motorists who have told me, not in generalities but in actual figures, how the performances of their cars have been improved by the use of certain extras. I know it is not kind, and perhaps it is sometimes not advisable, to disillusion people who have complete faith in such articles but I contend that it is quite beyond the powers of the ordinary motorist to give a true verdict in these cases. After all if a man buys an article which he thinks is going to reduce the wear and tear on his bank balance and at the same time give him pleasanter motoring, it is all good for trade that he should believe firmly that such is the case after having made the purchase. Whether I have been brought up in an unusual school in which decimal points are quite important or not, it does worry me considerably to find people so positive on matters which they can never hope to prove.

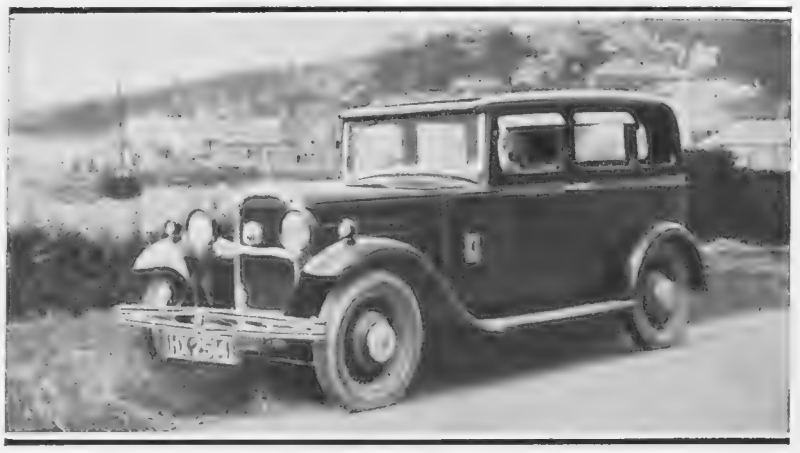
"AUTO"-SUGGESTION!—I am not perhaps terribly different from the average motorist, because I too am given to imagining that my car runs better one day than on another, though I don't know that I should ever be quite so mistaken as the motorist who once fitted a certain kind of water carburettor which was filled up with the necessary liquid by the makers and then handed over to the owner. After many weeks' running he returned and complimented the makers of this particular fitting, quoted various facts and figures as to how the moisture in the induction system had improved his car almost beyond recognition, and then asked them to refill the water tank, saying that he did not like to interfere with these special gadgets in case he upset the adjustment. The manufacturers were, of course, highly elated at the testimonial which had been given them, but their joy suddenly disappeared when they found that the owner had never turned the tap on to let the water into the induction pipe. History does not relate the details of the scene that followed nor whether the owner returned on a subsequent occasion after having had the tap turned on, though I have no doubt that the figures which he gave might conceivably be accurate with a humidifier installed. Fishermen and golfers as a class are renowned for their tales, and the only object of my remarks is to ask motorists to be careful when relating their experiences after trying out new fitments.

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE.—Preparations are already being made by the R.A.C. in connection with the traffic arrangements for the Schneider Trophy Race next month. The Club will be in charge of the Royal Aero Club car official parks at Portsmouth, and accommodation is being provided for 6,000 cars. Coloured destination slips indicating the place to which cars are travelling will also be provided by the R.A.C. These are of particular value to the police as they enable them to sort traffic on to the appropriate routes early in the journey, so avoiding congestion. Special road signs will also be erected on all approach roads, whilst R.A.C. Guides will assist the police on main routes, acting as traffic controls at road junctions. A number of patrols will also be on duty to assist in cases of breakdown, accident, and so forth.

Further particulars will be issued from time to time, but in the meantime all inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

GETTING READY FOR OLYMPIA.—Now that the Motor Show is so close at hand all of us are wondering what we are going to see when the doors of Olympia open. Last year what I might term the craze of the Show was a bright vertical metal ribbon down the centre of the radiator. This was decorative and had no particular utility. We also had an epidemic of cars fitted with enlarged hubs on the wheels, but this development had a real purpose, for it covered up the unsightly circle of nuts and effectively shielded them from damp and dust. This year there are many things which could be adopted, with immense advantage to the motor-car user. I should require many pages of these notes to give a comprehensive list, but there is one improvement which I sincerely hope will be seen. At the present moment all the gauges and instruments are grouped together and placed in the centre of the facia board, this arrangement giving quite a pleasing effect. Unfortunately a driver has a wheel in front of him, and must keep his eyes more or less fixed on the road ahead, with the result that the information which the various gauges and instruments could impart to him for his guidance and profit is usually lost. On my own car the speedometer is placed much closer to the passenger beside me than it is to me, and on many cars this particular instrument is placed in exactly the same position. Oil gauges and ammeters are likewise often fitted out of sight. I have often suggested that some go-ahead manufacturer will one day or other group all these instruments in the centre of the steering wheel. I will not say that that will be ideal, but it would be an immense improvement, and now that finger-tip control for the lamps, etc., has become almost universal practice, this next step should not be so difficult to take.

In one of our technical journals the suggestion has been put forward that the correct position is on top of the radiator, and I think that there is a lot to be said in its favour, though it would be a little difficult to carry out in practice. Let us hope, however, that one or other of these suggestions will find favour with at least one maker, and then I am sure the majority will follow suit.



ON THE CORNISH COAST: The quay at St. Mawes, one of Cornwall's unspoiled villages near Falmouth. In the foreground is the latest edition of the Singer Six saloon fitted with a sliding roof

AUSTIN'S NEW LONDON SHOWROOMS: Owing to the increased pressure of business the London showrooms of the Austin Motor Company have had to be considerably extended. Above is a corner of one of the rooms decorated in blue and cream

LIGHT IN OUR DARKNESS: A view of one of the recently-opened new London showrooms of Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., at 319, Regent Street, where modern displays and convenient facilities have been provided for the inspection and demonstration of Lucas motor-car electrical equipment and accessories

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.—Considerable interest and a good deal of misapprehension appears to have been aroused in the minds of a large number of motorists within the last month or two because of the increasing tendency on the part of certain chance distributors to sell mixtures of petrol and paraffin under high-sounding names. My attention to this matter has been drawn by the proprietors of Shell petrol, and I am sure I am expressing the gratitude of all motorists when I thank them for making the position clear. They say that to label a petrol "No. 1" is neither a guarantee of quality nor any assurance whatever that any particular standard of quality is maintained. In other words, "No. 1" is meaningless and can be applied to so-called cheap petrol of inferior and variable qualities. There is nothing to prevent its application to low-price petrol mixed with untaxed materials such as paraffin and, of course, such mixtures must cause very definite harm to the engines in which they are consumed. When it is remembered that the incorporation of only 17 per cent. of paraffin results in a saving of tax of 1d. per gallon on the mixture it will be appreciated that there is a considerable temptation for chance distributors of motor fuel to foster the sale of such mixtures. Evil effects of running on such mixtures are bound to occur, but fortunately to those who sell them they do not show immediately. I refer, of course, to the unseen dilution of the lubricating oil which naturally causes a greatly increased wear of the moving parts. Certain immediate effects such as poor running may be noticed immediately, but the motorist may consider that worth while for the money saved, or he may even attribute them to some other cause. Bearing these points in mind it must be fairly obvious to the motorist who wishes to look after his car to the best of his ability to confine himself to using motor spirits which are sold under nationally distributed and advertised brands from sealed pumps, as these spirits can be relied upon to maintain uniform quality at all times throughout the country.

A.A. HOLIDAYS.—The Automobile Association during the past fortnight has issued routes representing no less than 1,800,000 miles per day, an increase of approximately 20 per cent. over last year. This figure is unprecedented and eclipses all former records. Some idea of the number of A.A. members spending motoring holidays abroad may be obtained from the fact that despite relief boats which the shipping companies are running for the holiday period, accommodation for motor cars on Continental services is completely booked up. The A.A. Aviation Department has issued flying maps covering over 20,000 miles for holiday flights.

TO THE SUMMIT VIA DUNLOP.—In the Shelsley-Walsh Open Hill Climb, the Shelsley International Championship Cup for the fastest time of the day was won by R. G. J. Nash in a Frazer-Nash equipped with Dunlop tyres, which were also used by the winners of five other cups and by eight of the twelve class winners. The first four places in the Belgian Grand Prix were also won on Dunlop tyres.

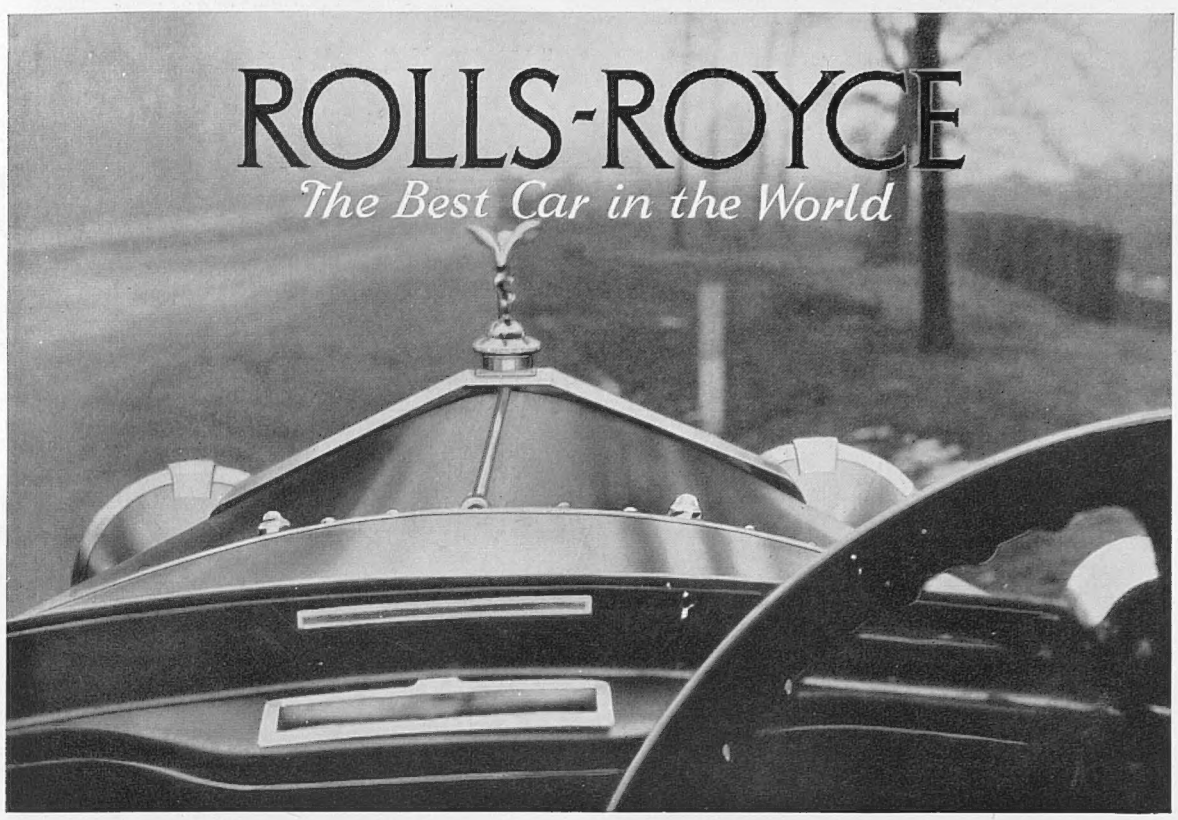
SUMMER SKIDDING.—Experience has disclosed, and statistics have confirmed, that August is the worst month in the calendar for skids. Discounting the larger number of vehicles on the roads and the holiday spirit, which tends towards carelessness among drivers, there remain an enormous number of skids that are caused by the "end of the summer" condition of glass-smooth roads.

The frequent and heavy winter rains render these surfaces fairly innocuous by washing them clean. But in summer, when they become wet after a dry spell, then a skating rink is to be preferred as a motoring surface.

This treacherous condition is explained by the fact that in addition to ordinary dust, a film of rubber is deposited on the dry, smooth road by the friction of tyres. Oil drippings mix with the rubber and provide a compound which is turned by the first drops of rain into a perilous coating of grease.

Tyres and oil are not, however, entirely responsible for such a state of affairs. The materials of which these glassy roads are constructed have an oil base, and some of the oil content seeps through to the surface to add its quota to the slime at the first shower of rain.

The remedy lies, obviously, in surfacing with a non-slippery substance, and most surveyors are now coming to realize that this can be done cheaply and efficiently by tar-spraying followed by a generous coating of large-size chippings lightly rolled in.



Rolls-Royce Limited
14-15 Conduit St. London W1

A famous motoring expert has remarked that the way to decide which is the pre-eminent motor car is to ask the three following questions: What is the name which is spoken by motorists with ungrudging admiration and a kind of awe? What are the words which compel one to think of mechanical excellence allied to beauty of line? What synonym is now recognised as representing perfection? He goes on to say that the answers must be "Rolls-Royce" . . .

The Sphere of Travel

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

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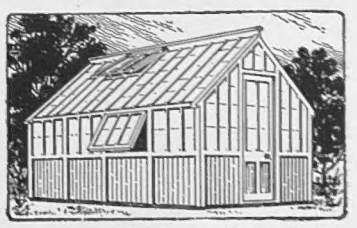

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THE GOODENOUGH COMMITTEE

The Committee emphasise the point that their proposals are essentially evolutionary, not revolutionary. It will be found that all their recommendations provide for the development of British Education, British Commerce, and British Salesmanship on essentially British lines.

The Committee are strong in their unanimous opinion that there is no "short cut" to efficiency in Commerce, and, in particular, make no recommendations for the establishing of "forcing houses" for the rapid production of super salesmen.

The Committee lay great stress on "sound general education." After declaring that the "future industrial prosperity of this country depends upon the constant application to the problems of finding, developing, and maintaining markets for British goods and services of at least as much time, thought, and energy, and as high a degree of abilities as are applied to the problems of production and finance;" they point out that "success in the solution of these fundamental problems of Marketing (or 'Salesmanship' in its widest sense) involves the employment in commerce of those possessing the highest qualities alike of character and intellect, developed to the fullest degree by *sound education*, training and experience."

Hoppé
SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH

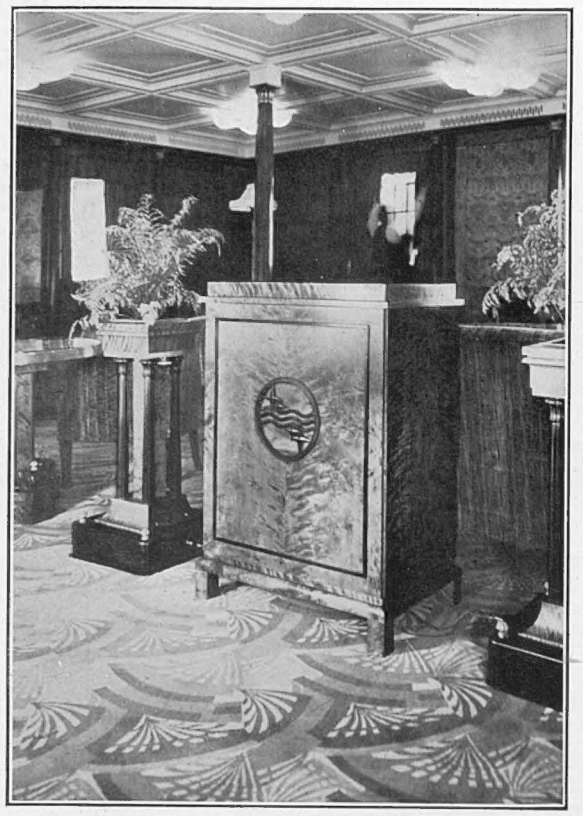
They add that "however naturally gifted a man may be for salesmanship, his value can be greatly enhanced by *a sound general education*, but the whole report deserves detailed reading and most careful study and consideration. In the words of the Committee, we hope that their "conclusions and recommendations will receive the early attention and full consideration alike of the Educational Authorities and of all the organizations of commerce and industry throughout the country. We regard the question of securing improved personnel for the service of British trade at home and abroad as one of urgent importance. *Education for Commerce is less developed than Education for Industry: a state of things that must not be permitted to continue.*"

This report (priced only 1s. 6d.) ought to prove a "best seller." No business man can afford not to buy it.

NOTES and NEWS

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee are endeavouring to provide special treats for those children who have been unable to leave the Society's Homes for holidays. There are over 300 children under the care of the Society, who have no one to go to at holiday time. If funds permit, expeditions could be arranged to such educational places as the Whipsnade Zoo, etc., etc. Will readers of "The Sphere" please send something towards this good cause, addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



RADIO LUXURY AT SEA: The charming music-room of the Motor Ship *Venus* of the B and N Line—the vessel that does the Norway trip in less than twenty-four hours—is equipped with the Philips Radio-gramophone which provides wonderful programmes at the touch of a switch

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

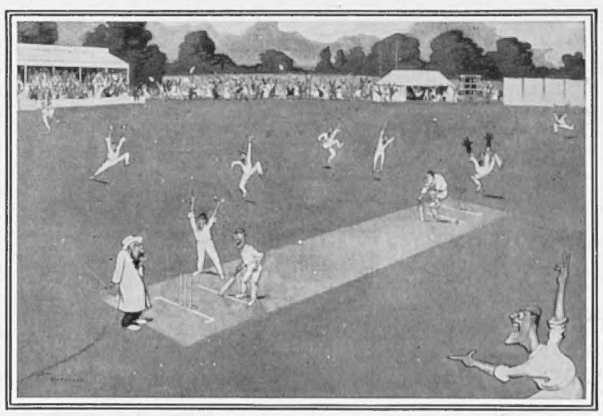
"Fashionably" speaking, one might almost call "the Twelfth" this year the commencement of a period of truce in our affairs, a breathing space and—although one hardly dare confess it—a welcome relaxation from the strain of frills and furbelows which have made this season such a memorable one. Tweeds and comfort are a positively refreshing thought, and hundreds of women are experiencing relief at the sheer simplicity of choosing Highland kit after the feverish uncertainty they have suffered between the bowler and the tricorne; to say nothing of similar vanities. . . .

Not that it hasn't been the very greatest fun, but for the present at least simpering makes way for the gun and, incidentally, it is a pleasure to discover that their needs have been more than adequately met this season. Indeed, it becomes increasingly possible to be charmingly as well as practicably attired on the moors. The very attractive kit illustrated is one of the many excellent examples from the showrooms of Messrs. Burberry of Regent Street, and speaks for itself both in the distinction of its appearance as well as the excellence of its quality. In fact, down to the last detail this ensemble can confidently be described as worthy of the occasion.

A BURBERRY CREATION for the shooting season

A Unique Collection of Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, the famous TATLER Artist

"The Man who Missed the Ball on the First Tee at St. Andrews"



"The Umpire who Confessed he Wasn't Looking"

There can be no more welcome Gift than one of the Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, printed in full colours.

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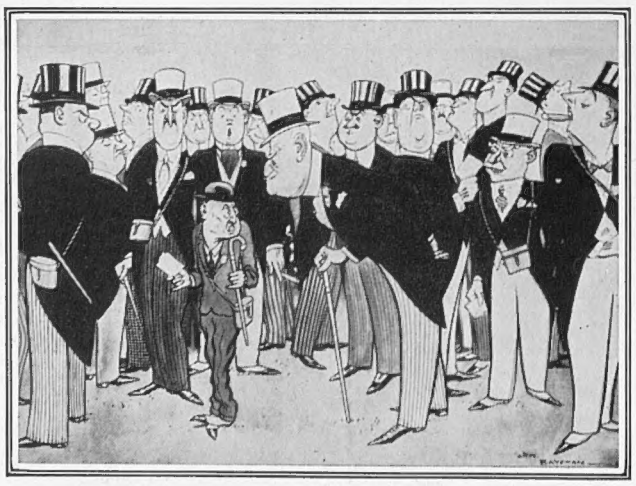
"The Discovery of a Dandelion on the Centre Court at Wimbledon"
"The Debutante"
"The Curate who Saw Red"
"Very Well Meant"
"The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz"
"Stand Easy" "The Favourite Wins"
"The Third Encore"
"The Man who Lit his Cigar before the Royal Toast"
"The Cad who was Improperly Dressed on the Lido"



"The Man who Crept into the Royal Enclosure in a Bowler"

"The Second Lieutenant who Joined his Regiment Complete with Wife"
"Figaro Chez Lui"
"The Girl who Ordered a Glass of Milk at the Café Royal"
"The Guardsman who Dropped It"
"The Croupiers who Showed Signs of Emotion"
"The Man who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's"
"The Man who Begged to Differ from his Mother-in-Law"
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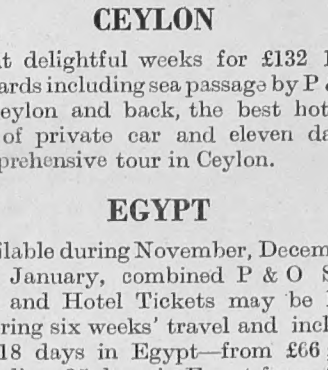

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Barca sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it.

On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head.

The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

"They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."

"That," she replied, "is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man—."

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

"Untamed still, are you?" he whispered. "Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the women who had waited to amuse him.

"Here," he cried, "take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, "lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

"Bring me music and dancers!" he cried, when one answered the gong. "And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city!"

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered . . . .

In CRISIS AT CARTHAGE,
by Fletcher Allen.

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